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MR. GLADSTONE EXPLAINING TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS HIS SCHEME FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 8.

"The Irishman is profoundly Irish, but it does not follow that because his local patriotism is keen, he is incapable of Imperial patriotism."



Whatever may be the end of the great political convulsion which is shaking England to its centre, this at least is certain, that the country is not likely to grant Home Rule to Ireland from any fear of the consequences should that measure be refused. Strange to say, however, this was very much the line of argument adopted by Mr. John Morley. He pointed out the difficulties to be grappled with if, instead of giving Home Rule, England resorted to coercion; but he forgot to say that coercion on the part of this country would affect no law-abiding Irishman.

In the days of the Empire, and under Marshal MacMahon's Government, the offence of "exciting hatred and contempt for the Government" was one frequently brought before the magistrates and Judges of France; and almost as frequently the newspapers on this side of the Channel took credit that our procedure was not as our neighbour's, nor our social system reposing on so rickety a base as theirs. Since then, the tables have been somewhat turned; still, we cannot but congratulate ourselves and the authorities on the results of their first (for many years) experiments with the rights of free speech. We have no more sympathy with the mad, reckless oratory of Messrs. Hyndman and Co. than we have with the professional thieves who relieved Mr. Guy Dawnay of his jewellery, or with the "larrikins" who, in senseless horseplay, wrecked shops and scattered their contents in the gutter. We are, however, constrained to admit that the prosecution in itself was not only a hazardous policy, but that, with the evidence brought forward, any punishment of the accused would probably have provoked serious trouble for the Government.

One of the most revolting customs authorised by Hindoo law is the marriage of infants; and it may be hoped that the British Government, which has destroyed Suttee and other enormities, will put an end also to this. A trial now pending in India may lead to a decision which will enfranchise thousands of unhappy Hindoo women. Twelve years ago a lady named Rakhmibai was married, at the age of eleven, to a man of nineteen. They have never lived together; and she now declines to live with him, on the ground that she had no voice in the marriage, that he is personally repugnant to her, and that his character is bad. The so-called husband, however, has the law on his side; but it is said that, whatever may be the decision of the Courts in India, an appeal will be made to the Privy Council. The blighting cruelty of the present law which, on the death of a boy-husband, requires life-long celibacy from his infant wife, is not likely to receive the deliberate sanction of that tribunal.

In the novels of the last century the exploits of highwaymen in masks form a conspicuous feature. They rob stage-coaches, frighten old ladies, and elope with young ladies—or carry them off by force, as Sir Hargrave Pollexfen carried off Harriet Byron. The dangers of the road were then the common theme of dramatists and romance writers; but the novelist would be laughed at who introduced such scenes in a tale of modern life. How strange then it is to read, in days when dynamite has taken the place of pistols and the followers of Claude Duval are supposed to be extinct, that the daughter of the Lord Lieutenant of the county of Warwick, while travelling from Coventry to her father's seat of Stoneleigh Abbey, has been attacked by highwaymen. When the carriage reached Sturchall-common two men, it is said, sprang from the hedge, with masks on, and ordered the coachman to stop. He drove on rapidly, "whereupon two shots were fired at the carriage; but, fortunately, without injury being done to anyone." Paragraphs of news like this were not uncommon in the London journals a century and a half ago; but it is curious to read of the revival of a crime so old-fashioned in 1886.

Can the French Academy of Fine Arts have in view the encouragement also of Mr. Pears and his colleagues in the cause of cleanliness? It almost looks so, if we may judge from the subject given by M. Gérôme for the "second trial heats" of the Grand Prix de Rome. It is taken from the well-known translation of Longinus' pastoral, "Daphnis and Chloe," the episode being that where the former, after his severe tumble, is brought by Chloe to the Nymphs' grotto. Here, after it was found he had no bones broken, Daphnis was invited to stay and bathe in the Nymphs' fountain. After some persuasion, as the translation puts it "Il résolut de se laver." After the success of the group which, it may be recollected, Mr. Pears purchased some years ago at the Salon, and known in this country as "You Dirty Boy," the temptation to young artists to treat the subject set for competition in such a way as to render it applicable to wall-posters seems almost irresistible.

A question in rule-of-three is suggested by the case of James Hubbersley, who has been sentenced to "twenty-one days' imprisonment and five years' in a reformatory." Little James, only twelve years old, went to his father's money-box and stole £146. This is ambitious, indeed, for a child of twelve, who might be expected to soar no higher than coppers, or, at the most, a silver sixpence. But, perhaps, at his Board School, he had been taught to "aim high," and had taken the hint (as well as the money). If, then, a boy of twelve puts the figure of his thefts at £146, what will be his figure when he arrives at years of discretion? But it is on the cards that a reformatory may put a salutary check upon his vaulting ambition; else the Bank of England and the Mint together will scarcely suffice to meet his requirements.

With the destruction of the Cock Tavern, Fleet-street loses another of its links with the past. It never, perhaps, enjoyed the reputation given to its opposite neighbour, the Devil Tavern, frequented by the wits of the day, from Ben Jonson to Addison, but amongst the higher legal luminaries it was held in high esteem. In the good old times, not altogether out of remembrance, when the Courts of Chancery sat on till nine or ten o'clock in the night, the leading lawyers resorted here to dine; and, to more modern ears it has become celebrated as the scene of "Will Waterproof's Monologue," and as the place to which, in his salad days, the Laureate would most oft resort. To the carnally minded, its chief attractions were its cold roast beef—from joints never cut whilst hot—and its port wine; whilst the æsthetic (before dining) could regale themselves on a study of the sign—attributed, with more or less probability, to that prince of English wood-carvers, Grinling Gibbons. This sign disappeared some few years back—sold, it was said, by the new proprietors, for many hundreds of pounds, to an American collector of curiosities. Of late years, the fortunes of the "Cock" have waned; changed habits of life, the rise of mushroom clubs, and the early rising of the Judges have all tended to deprive the old tavern of its best supporters. "Prætereunt et imputantur" might well be the motto which the next occupant of the site might write as the epitaph of those whose footsteps once echoed up the long passage which led from the noisy street to the quiet and secluded boxes where our fathers and forefathers dined and debated.

The weather has been having fine sport lately, after a few misleading days of "gentle spring." Not that the wind has been east; but it appears that a great deal can be done with a north, a west, and a nor'-wester. Last Saturday was quite a field-day; at Windsor there was an inch of hailstones (says the veracious report) "in a few minutes"—an inch in depth, that is; Birmingham had six hours' heavy snow; Worcester and the country round about were as white with snow as the top of Soracte in a famous ode; in North and South Wales there were miles of snow; in Preston there was a heavy fall of snow, with a cold thaw, and then sleet "to follow"; in Cheshire, in Westmoreland, in Cumberland—why not say everywhere?—there were snow-storms, hail-storms, sleet-storms, and all the pleasant concomitants, in some cases "without precedent for the time of year." The weathercock alone appears to have a really merry time of it, with a close approximation to perpetual motion.

Derivations are notoriously wild. It has been seriously maintained by a sane person that "Jutland" has its name from "jutting out into the sea"; that "pickles" (mixed, of course) comes, evidently (mark that), from the Greek word "poikilos" (meaning "variegated"); and, not so seriously, "cucumber," from "Jeremiah" (through the "diminutive form," Jeremiah-kin, or Jerry-kin, which is abbreviated into "jerkin," which is otherwise spelt "gerkin" or "gherkin," which is only a sort of a kind of a cucumber); but the connection between Jeremiah and cucumber is not explained. In these latter days, something still worse has been perpetrated by an etymologist who, being informed (whether truly or not, goodness knows) that the Andaman Islands are noted for the great preponderance of women among the inhabitants, at once accounted for the name, on the ground that, "if so, then there would originally have been several women and a man," whence the etymology of the appellation leaps to the eyes.

The proposal to remove Carrington House *en bloc* from its present site to another has, we are glad to see, been abandoned. This experiment, which has occasionally been carried out in America, might perhaps have been applied to Carrington House with greater chance of success than to other large buildings, for it is one of the few which has no basement storey. The kitchen and offices are built out from the main body of the mansion, occupying a good deal of ground, and not adding importance to the building. Carrington House, moreover, is a comparatively modern erection, dating from the end of the last century, and owing its design to Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House. It occupies part of the site of York House, once Wolsey's magnificent palace, which adjoined the favourite London residence of the Tudor and Stuart Kings. Of the former, not a vestige now remains to bear witness to the Prelate's grandeur and taste. Of Whitehall Palace, only the banqueting-hall remains, most of the remainder having been destroyed by fire in 1691; whilst many of the surrounding buildings were blown up to preserve the central block and Inigo Jones's architectural success.

It is to be hoped that the bill now before Parliament proposing to deal with the Charterhouse buildings will not be allowed to pass without close scrutiny and due regard for the preservation of a bit of "Old London." The plea put forward is that in consequence of a failing income, the charity is no longer able to carry out the directions of Thomas Sutton's will; and that the number of "poor brothers" has been, from time to time, of necessity reduced. Some years ago the governors sold part of their land to the Merchant Taylors' Company for £90,000; and, presumably, this sum was expended in the land and buildings erected at Godalming, whither the school removed, and where it has flourished. The income, however, at the disposal of the trustees is still £30,000, and, with proper management, it might be made sufficient to carry on the school and to maintain the brethren in comfort, without sacrificing to the modern builder what still remains of "Howard House," connected as it is with so many prominent men of the Tudor period; or the old cloisters which show, to this day, the conditions of monastic life of the Middle Ages. The income is, it is understood, divided into three equal parts; one devoted to the maintenance of the school, another to the charity, and a third to the cost of administration. Might not economies be effected under the last head, without injury to the other two?

No one would wish to see curtailed the innocent amusements of young children, which in big towns must be strictly limited. But there is one pleasure in which they partake that, for their own safety, as well as for that of men, women, and horses, should be forbidden. The pastime of bowling hoops is doubtless invigorating, and to some extent exciting—occasionally in crowded thoroughfares it becomes too exciting. Few children have the presence of mind to bowl a hoop and avoid a fast-travelling vehicle at the same time; few have the dexterity to avoid running their hoops into foot-passengers; and few foot-passengers, and no horses, can make a certainty of extricating their legs from the sudden onslaught of the unexpected play-toy. The result is invariably catastrophe, more or less serious; and if nursemaids do not curb the impatience of their charges until they reach the parks, or other public play-grounds, some rule, to be enforced by the police, will have to be made.

It has always been the business of the authorities of a State wherein capital punishment is in vogue to discover and apply the most humane method of taking the life of a convicted culprit sentenced to death. Opinions on this point apparently differ among nations. In Spain the garotte is used, in France the guillotine, in Germany a somewhat similar instrument, in Russia shooting or hanging, and in England only the latter. Buffalo State, in America, has fixed upon a new plan, and one that seems to be efficacious and merciful. Someone over there has invented an electric chair, wherein the condemned person sits, and is dispatched to his last home by a series of momentary strong shocks. The idea has often been mooted, but until lately not carried out. Science has done much for civilisation; if it can now spare us those shocking scenes on the scaffold, of which we have recently read too often, it will indeed confer another boon on those who, while admitting the necessity of capital punishment, yet desire that there shall be no possibility of cruelty or miscarriage.

A gracious action was that of Baron Alphonse De Rothschild, of Paris, who, being compelled, owing to the death of the Comtesse De Chambord, to postpone a fête for which preparations had already been made, divided all the food which was to have served for his guests amongst the hospitals.

It is always interesting to hear of the opposition to new inventions. One member, at least, of the most progressive nation on earth found it extremely hard to accommodate himself to steel pens. "I am writing," says Longfellow, under date of April 14, 1839, "with a steel pen, so as to be ready for the Millennium. It saves time, but spoils my hand, and makes me red with angry impatience as I write. If the letter tires your patience as much as it has mine, I shall think the moral influence of steel pens very bad. I should write a very savage criticism with such a pen as this." It is not generally known that steel pens were by no means a new invention in 1839. They offer, in fact, a remarkable example of the non-survival of the fittest. In the Hatton correspondence, published by the Camden Society, Mary Hatton writes to her brother from France, Sept. 6, 1678:—"It comes in my mind to ask you if you have in England steel pens? Because, if you have not, I will endeavour to get you some by one that told me of them, and did assure me neither the glass pens nor any other sorts are near so good."

Mr. Graham Berry, ex-Premier of Victoria, announces a discovery exceedingly comforting alike to Parliamentary statesmen and the nations ruled by them. "When a man," said Mr. Berry in his farewell speech, "was placed in such a prominent position for so many years, he had no time or brains to devote to anything else than legislating for the benefit of his country." It is satisfactory to learn that all the legislation of statesmen in office must necessarily be for the benefit of their country; we could wish, however, that Mr. Berry had explained where all the bad legislation comes from.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, contributing to the *Freeman's Journal's* discussion on the best hundred Irish books, expresses the apprehension that his views may be considered "very unorthodox." They certainly are so, in every sense of the term, as he "does not see much need of, or any great good that can come from most of our modern publications, excepting always those of a purely scientific character." It would appear, therefore, that his Grace sees good in Darwin, and none in Cardinal Newman. That there may be no doubt on the latter point, at all events, he proceeds to express special disesteem for "modern works on divinity, save in so far as they give us the more recent decisions of the Holy See," which Cardinal Newman's certainly do not. The Cardinal, therefore, must submit to be dismissed by his fellow ecclesiastic along with Shakspeare, of whom Archbishop Croke elegantly says, "I had forgotten all about it."

What would become of statesmen and legislators now-a-days if a rule which seems to have prevailed in the Long Parliament were to be unfortunately revived? On Feb. 2, 1641, Sir Edward Dering was "put out of the House and committed unto the Tower for his strange, unadvised, and sudden differing from himself!"

Before appearing in "Carmen," at Lisbon, on the 8th inst., Madame Adelina Patti received a severe shock to her nerves. The porter of the hotel where she was staying shot his wife, immediately beneath the windows of the prima donna. Notwithstanding this terrible occurrence, the diva, says a foreign journal, sang with exceptional brilliancy, and acted with her accustomed fire. She fainted twice during the evening in her dressing-room.

Manners, we have been told, make the man. Does dress make the woman? If so, Madame Sarah Bernhardt will be a greater success in her forthcoming American tour than in her previous one. Last time she went armed with thirty-six gowns; this time her wardrobe consists of forty-two.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

MR. GLADSTONE'S HOME RULE MEASURE FOR IRELAND.

The Prime Minister's elaborate and bold scheme for granting Ireland domestic self-rule "holds the field," to use Mr. Gladstone's own words. Save the first Budget of Sir William Harcourt, no other matter is thought of in the political world: Ireland monopolises public attention. The Irish Local Self-Government Bill, introduced with supreme dialectical skill by the Premier on the Eighth of April, was formally read the first time, without division, on Tuesday night, Mr. Gladstone closing a debate of the greatest historic interest and importance with an animated reply unsurpassed for lucidity, vivacity, power, and resolution. Indeed, every member who has spoken, both for and against, has risen with the occasion, and worthily upheld the best traditions of the House of Commons.

The singularly and absurdly inadequate nature of the accommodation for members and visitors in the comfortable Chamber designed by Sir Charles Barry was never so noticeable as it was on Thursday week, the day fixed for the Premier's great speech. How the Irish members began to assemble before eight o'clock in the morning to place their hats on the benches, and how senators breakfasted within the walls and thereafter were to be seen rambling through the corridors in nightcaps, will doubtless be found chronicled in the illustrated pages of the present Number. When, at half-past four in the afternoon, Mr. Gladstone quietly slipped in by the side of the Speaker's chair, and took his seat on the Treasury bench, between Mr. John Morley (the Secretary for Ireland) and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman (Secretary for War), the right hon. gentleman was cheered to the echo. The overcrowded House presented a most animated sight. To the illustrious occupants of the thronged Ladies' Gallery aloft—especially to the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice, Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, as they were seated close to the bars of the ungallant cage—the scene must have appeared particularly brilliant. The Prime Minister had for audience not only an unprecedentedly large number of members, who gathered, indeed, in such formidable battalions that some forty had to be provided with chairs on the floor, while the galleries and gangways were filled to repletion; but the remaining galleries were also full to overflowing—among the most noteworthy personages right and left of the clock being the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, Earl Spencer, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Kimberley, Earl Cadogan, Lord Ashbourne, and (these in the Distinguished Visitors' Gallery) M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, and Mr. Phelps, the American Minister.

Mr. Gladstone, pale as ever, but looking quite equal to his colossal task, and wearing in his button-hole a white rose, with the leaves so arranged as to represent a shamrock, thus typifying the desiderated union in a closer tie of Great Britain and Ireland, rose at twenty-five minutes to five. Ringing cheers from Mr. Parnell's band of faithful followers greeted the Premier. While they lasted, there was just time for another glance round the House. Facing the venerable orator was the compact row of Conservative leaders on the front Opposition bench, comprising prim Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, smugly smiling Lord Randolph Churchill (who frequently during the speech exchanged remarks with Mr. William Henry Smith), Colonel Stanley, Sir Richard Cross, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Macdonald, and Sir John Gorst, while Mr. A. Balfour sought refuge on the steps leading to the Speaker's chair, to balance stern Mr. Courtney on the other side. On the bench behind Ministers sat the Marquis of Hartington, Sir Henry James, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Sir Charles Dilke. Mr. Bright was in his old familiar corner seat on the second bench below the gangway, the places of vantage on the front bench being still retained by Mr. Dilwynn and Mr. Henry Labouchere. With respect to the Irish Home Rule members, their blonde bearded chief, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, sat with Mr. T. Healy, Mr. John Dillon, and Mr. J. O'Kelly, on the fourth bench below the gangway, on the Opposition side; Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. T. P. O'Connor being close by; and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. W. O'Brien and Mr. Biggar seated behind the front Opposition bench, running like thorns into the sides of the barely-pleased Conservatives. It will be observed, from the two-page Engraving, that Sir William Harcourt, the Lord Advocate, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone were, in addition to the absorbed Secretary for Ireland, among the Ministers prominent on the Treasury bench; whilst the genial ex-Lord Mayor, Sir R. Fowler, occupied the first chair facing the Speaker.

Armed with a goodly bundle of notes, placed upon the red box in front of him on the table, and having two small bottles of egg and sherry mixture near at hand, Mr. Gladstone was enabled to explain his vast measure at ease, and to nurse his voice so well as at the close of his exposition, which consumed three hours and twenty-three minutes, to declaim the peroration with much of his old vigour. The pith of the Premier's propositions may be conveyed in a few words. Albeit the "two questions of Land and of Irish Government are, in our view, closely and inseparably connected," said Mr. Gladstone at the outset; it was a physical impossibility for him to deal with both in one speech, and thus he came to take "Home Rule" first. Lusty Irish cheers broke forth when he appealed to the House to "no longer fence and skirmish on this subject"; and applause from the same quarter was frequent; but the Opposition, and Ministerialists, too, as a body, contented themselves with listening attentively to the unfolding of the scheme. Premising that stringent coercion would never again be resorted to by the people of England and Scotland "until they have tried every other means," Mr. Gladstone cited the examples of the separate legislatures which work well in Norway and Sweden, and in Austria and Hungary, and fearlessly suggested that we should try here the remedy of a Statutory Parliament for Ireland, subject to the Crown and to the Imperial Parliament. The new Dublin Assembly to be formed by this "Magna Charta for Ireland" would consist of "two orders," to "sit and deliberate together," but with a power of voting apart at will, the veto of either "order" to stop any measure for three years, or until a dissolution should take place. The first "order" would be composed of the existing twenty-eight Irish Peers, to be precluded from sitting in the House of Lords, and also of seventy-five members with a realty or personal qualification of £200 a year, to be elected by voters "occupying to the value of £25 and upwards." The "second order" would comprise the 103 Irish members now sitting in the House, and 103 fresh members to be chosen in the same manner. The Viceroy (for whose benefit the religious disability of the office would be removed) would have a Privy Council and the Executive Government of the new Dublin Parliament to advise him. The positions and emoluments of the Judges on the bench would be guaranteed to them; but their successors would be appointed by the new Executive. The constabulary would remain under the present authority; but of the total cost, £1,500,000, England would pay a million. Irish civil servants, provided they agreed to serve for two years longer, would be entitled to retiring pensions. As for the Imperial charge upon Ireland, that would be £3,242,000.

Custom House dues and Excise duties would continue to be collected by the Imperial Government, who would, after deducting the Imperial charges, hand over the residue to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland. With a resonant and impressive appeal to the House to build this new edifice of conciliation upon the sure "foundation afforded by the affections, the convictions, and the will of men," in order that "we may be enabled to secure at once social peace and the fame, and the power, and the permanence of the Empire," Mr. Gladstone brought his marvellous speech of close upon three hours and a half's duration to a conclusion; and was rewarded by a chorus of enthusiastic and prolonged cheering.

Not only able in itself, but the cause of the ability that was conspicuous in the succeeding speeches, Mr. Gladstone's explanatory address had a double merit. Mr. Trevelyan, shortly after the late dinner interval, was the first of the Ministerial secessionists to open fire from the rear upon the Treasury bench. He was at white heat. He was so full of reminiscences of his grim fight with the Land League during his Irish Secretaryship that he could not bring himself to tolerate the Home Rule and Land projects of the Ministry. His alternative plan was the establishment of a series of local bodies for the administration of local affairs, the "Castle" presumably still holding the reins of supreme power. But Mr. Parnell, speaking calmly and deliberately, as is his wont, lost no time in relegating Mr. Trevelyan's "plan" to the limbo of General Trochu's fruitless "plan." The Home Rule Leader, while of opinion that the financial part of the new arrangement would be rather hard upon "poor Ireland," deemed this and other points might be adjusted satisfactorily; and he was quite warm (for him) in his praise of Mr. Gladstone for his high courage in affording Ireland a Constitution he and his Party would be careful "not to lose." Now, this is the most hopeful feature of the debate: the marked favour shown by Mr. Parnell and one and all of his eighty-five followers towards the Ministerial scheme. While Mr. Chamberlain (whose premature blurring out of the Cabinet secret of the proposed issue of Consols to the amount of £120,000,000, to buy out the Irish landlords, brought him into conflict with the indignant Prime Minister)—while Mr. Chamberlain on the Friday night resumed the discussion by ventilating his notion of Federated Councils for England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland alike—qualified by the temporary prohibition of eviction—and the Marquis of Hartington was wearisomely long-winded in arguing in favour of our "marking time" at present, with the prospect of carrying out some such suggestion of Federation as Mr. Chamberlain fathered in the remote future—Mr. Gladstone continues to be the one and only plan which "holds the field." Mr. John Morley pointedly put it to the front Opposition bench that if the Government were not allowed to pass Home Rule, the Conservative leaders probably would. Although Lord Randolph Churchill's smart and witty critical speech, on Monday, dissected the weak portions of the bill with surgical skill, there was nothing in it (as Mr. Whitbread subsequently pointed out) to prevent the noble Lord from proposing Home Rule himself next year. Sir Charles Russell, in slashing style, answered his Lordship. Following the energetic speeches of Mr. Thomas Burt and Mr. Bradlaugh in support of the measure, Mr. Whitbread's "wise and weighty" address turned the balance in favour of Mr. Gladstone, who on Tuesday found a sturdy and valiant advocate in Sir William Harcourt. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in one of the most effective and logical speeches he has ever made, threw the secessionist "Fourth Party" behind Ministers into confusion, and completely took the wind out of the sails of Mr. Goschen, who followed in a laboured speech against the measure. As already intimated, the reply in which Mr. Gladstone summed up the debate, and answered his opponents, was of consummate ability. While claiming for his bill that it would form the basis of a settlement of the problem of Irish local self-government, which would strengthen rather than impair the "Union," he avowed his readiness to give a favourable consideration of the proposition to retain a certain number of Irish representatives in Parliament. With respect to the other highly important point of the relation of Ulster to England, Mr. Gladstone in his first speech conclusively proved that he was keenly alive to the necessity of consulting the wishes of that loyal and prosperous province, which has so stanch and courageous a champion in gallant Major Sanderson. But it must be admitted, at the same time, that judgment cannot fairly be passed upon the Ministerial proposals as a whole until Mr. Gladstone discloses his Land scheme on Friday.

Mrs. Ogilvie, of Sixewell, has forwarded £1300 to the Ipswich Museum authorities to clear off the debt.

Mr. Samuel Hoare has been elected unopposed for Norwich, in the room of Mr. Bullard, unseated on petition. Mr. Hoare being a Conservative, his return causes no change in the strength of parties.

Justices Denman and Field gave their decision last Monday on the Stepney election petition, that Mr. Durant, sitting member, was duly elected by 2054 votes, Mr. Isaacson having polled 2035. Each party to pay his own costs.—In the Queen's Bench Division on Tuesday Mr. Justice Field gave judgment in the Thornbury election petition, declaring that Mr. Stafford Howard had been duly elected.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, of world-wide reputation for their art productions, have produced a number of elegant designs for Easter cards, beautifully coloured, and some illuminated in gold.—Easter eggs of great variety, many of them marvels of cheapness as well as of ingenuity, are produced by Mr. Cremer, junior, of 210, Regent-street, and by Messrs. Sparagnapane and Co., of 49 and 50, Milton-street, City, between which firms a generous rivalry in dainty devices of this kind has long existed.

On Tuesday, the opening day of the Newmarket Craven Meeting, the Duke of Beaufort won the Twenty-eighth Biennial with Button Park, Mr. Sherwood the Double Trial Plate with Bessie, Lord Durham the Crawford Plate with Silver Crown, the Duke of Hamilton the Riddlesworth with Miss Jummy, Mr. Burton the Light Weight Selling Plate with Mariquita, and Mr. J. Hammond the Visitors' Plate with Eagle's Plume. Mr. Craven's Prinstead and Mr. T. Jennings's Exmoor ran a dead heat for the Trial Stakes, and divided.

American papers inform us that the small island Juan Fernandez (Robinson Crusoe's island), where Alexander Selkirk passed his four years of solitude, has been leased by the Chilean Government to a Swiss, named Rodt, who has established there a flourishing colony. Mr. Rodt exercises the powers of a viceroy, and has the fullest administrative authority. The chief occupation of the inhabitants is agriculture, but some branches of manufacturing industry are also practised. M. Rodt encourages immigration, and among the new Crusoes are to be found Austrians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, North and South Americans, South Germans, Swiss, and Spaniards. There are no Prussians, the Governor having a rooted antipathy to Prussia.

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

Macmillan seems to have struck into a hitherto unwonted vein of mysticism. It is, at any rate, difficult to comprehend the drift of the visionary tale entitled "A Legend of Another World," powerful as is much of the writing; nor do we clearly follow the process by which the writer of "Present Day Idealism" has reached an undeniably fine and satisfactory conclusion. Mr. Whittaker's views on the musical and picturesque elements are also somewhat nebulous; but musical criticism is rarely otherwise. On the other hand Mr. Saintsbury's criticism on Peacock's novels is vigorous, masculine, and admirably just and discriminative. Mr. Morfill's "Cossack Poet" makes us acquainted with the national Ruthenian bard, Shevchenko, who seems to have been a tender and pensive Burns of the steppes, owing everything to native and genuine inspiration. Mr. Arthur Benson has skillfully embalmed some of the more remarkable traits of that unique character and rare genius in bibliography, the late Henry Bradshaw. The story of the Simonides MSS., however, has been told of Mr. Cox, of the Bodleian, and Sir F. Madden. It is quite certain that the wily Greek failed to impose upon any of these eminent men.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has a good essay on Matthew Arnold, by Mr. Clodd, and a picturesque paper on the American South-West, by Mr. Louis Philip, while Mr. R. H. Shepherd is characteristically engaged in retrieving what is least worth retrieving in Mr. Ruskin's privately printed writings. *Belgravia* has its usual ample allowance of effective short tales, "Desmond's Destiny" and "On the Mule-Shoe Curve" being good examples of the sensational, and Philpots's "Great Picture" and "The Good Saint Anthony" of the jocose vein. The *Dublin University Magazine* is remarkable for a paper on "The Rise and Fall of Irish Industries," by J. A. Walker, which not only draws a striking picture of the languishing state of the country from the banishment of capital; but, alone among Irish parliamentary projects, advocates a senate of Lords as well as Commons. *Time* has an able argument to evince that the Whigs have not yet exhausted their mission, a sketch of M. Waddington, and an essay on the pathos of the rose in poetry, by J. Addington Symonds, full of beautiful translations, chiefly from the Italian.

The *Art Journal* contains, besides several other interesting articles, an account, charmingly illustrated, of the work and workshop of Henry Woods, A.R.A. This clever young artist has resided for some years in Venice—an ideal home for a painter—and all his pictures, with their brilliant colouring and dark-eyed Venetian belles, tell of his picturesque surroundings. The article on the little practised art of stencilling will repay perusal, and many art amateurs could surely better employ their time by decorating their houses in this beautiful and effective manner than in perpetrating inartistic water-colour drawings. The interesting description of a portion of France little known to the ordinary tourist is continued from last month, and a short account of the "Revival of Decorative Needlework" winds up the number, which contains an admirable engraving of Fred. Morgan's charming picture "Cherry Earrings."

The *Magazine of Art* begins with a short biographical sketch, copiously illustrated, of the late Earl of Beaconsfield. Among the illustrations are Millais' portrait of the great statesman, and a page of collected caricatures from *Punch*, by Doyle, Leech, Tenniel, and others. Among other articles, is one upon the wall and ceiling decorations of our dwelling-houses, with some beautiful designs for panels and plaster mouldings, and an account of the pictures collected by the late Mrs. Morgan, of New York, among which are examples by Delacroix, Millet, Corot, and most of the foremost European as well as American painters. Sculpture is represented this month by the work of one of our younger sculptors, T. Nelson Maclean, whose art education was carried on entirely in Paris, and whose first exhibitions in the Royal Academy of 1870 were at once favourably noticed. The magazine contains also a fine engraving of Millet's "Woman Gathering Beans," and of A. Morlon's "Life-boat."

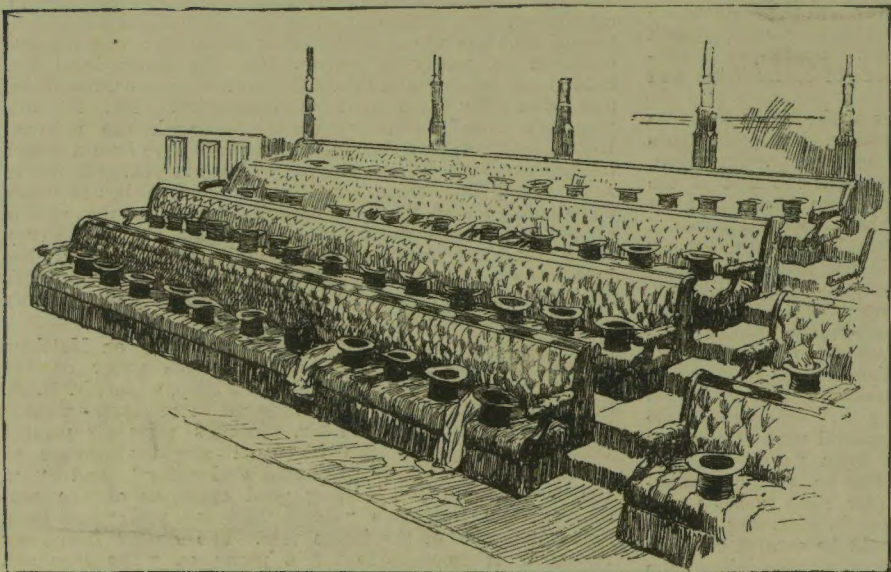
Harper's Magazine commences two new novels in the same number, which, contrary to the usual custom of American magazines, are both by English writers. In "Springhaven," to some extent a tale of the sea, Mr. Blackmore introduces Nelson, and perhaps embodies some tradition respecting him. In "King Arthur," Mrs. Craik appears to use recollections of travel as embroidery upon a very effective plot. "Little Bel's Supplement" will attract attention as probably the last work of the late Mrs. Helen Jackson. The most important of the other contributions is "A Postmaster's Experience of Civil Service Reform," conclusive alike as to the merits of the new system and the corruption of the old one. The *Century* continues Mr. Howell's novel, and concludes Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's delightful account of their tricycling tour in Italy. The Civil War record is, this month, of a naval character, consisting of various accounts of the career of the notorious Alabama, whose exploits, it is at length admitted, were neither very glorious in themselves nor very useful to the Confederate cause.

We have also received Cassell's Magazine, Good Words, The Indian Magazine, The Red Dragon, the Argosy, The Lady's Treasury, The Theatre, Knowledge, Moniteur de la Mode, World of Fashion, La Saison, Le Pollet, Gazette of Fashion, Army and Navy Magazine, Household Words, Antiquarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, The Quiver, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Merry England, Leisure Hour, Book-Lore, United Service Magazine, Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches, Sporting Mirror, Harper's Young People, Popular Gardening, St. Nicholas, Illustrations, and others.

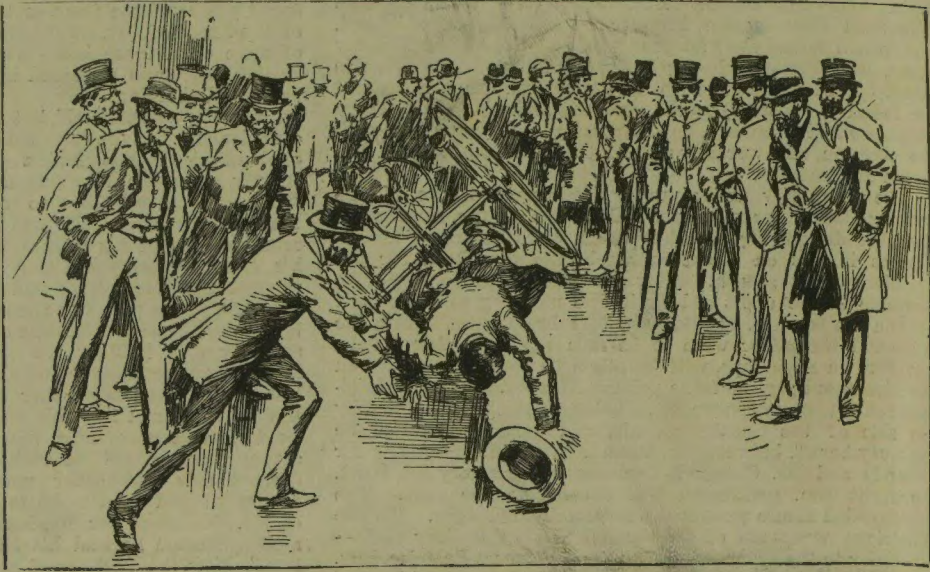
The *Asiatic Quarterly* is fortunate in obtaining the contributions of distinguished writers on subjects upon which they are acknowledged authorities. Lady Dufferin's appeal for medical aid for Indian women may be regarded as official; Sir Charles Wilson, Sir Juland Danvers, Sir F. Goldsmid, and Mr. Pedder are as high authorities as can be found on the Soudan, Indian public works, and Asiatic political geography and sanitary arrangements in India respectively; while Mr. Wollaston's paper on the pilgrimage to Mecca, and Mr. Danvers' history of the English in Sumatra, if not of equal weight, are exceedingly readable. Mr. Maclean discusses the difficult problem of the depreciation of silver, and Sir Lepel Griffin draws attention to two important and nearly related phenomena, the increasing frequency of Hindoo conversions to Mohammedanism and the revival of Hindoo hatred to Mohammedans. Mr. Boulger wisely insists on the absolute necessity of pacifying China, if our Burmese conquests are not to be a burden to us. Altogether, the number is an excellent one.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. George Augustus Sala is returning to England. He left Bombay, by the P. and O. steamer Ballarat, on March 21, on his homeward voyage, and will, it is expected, reach London about the 24th inst.

THE HOME RULE DEBATE: SKETCHES AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THURSDAY, APRIL 8.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT 10 A.M.



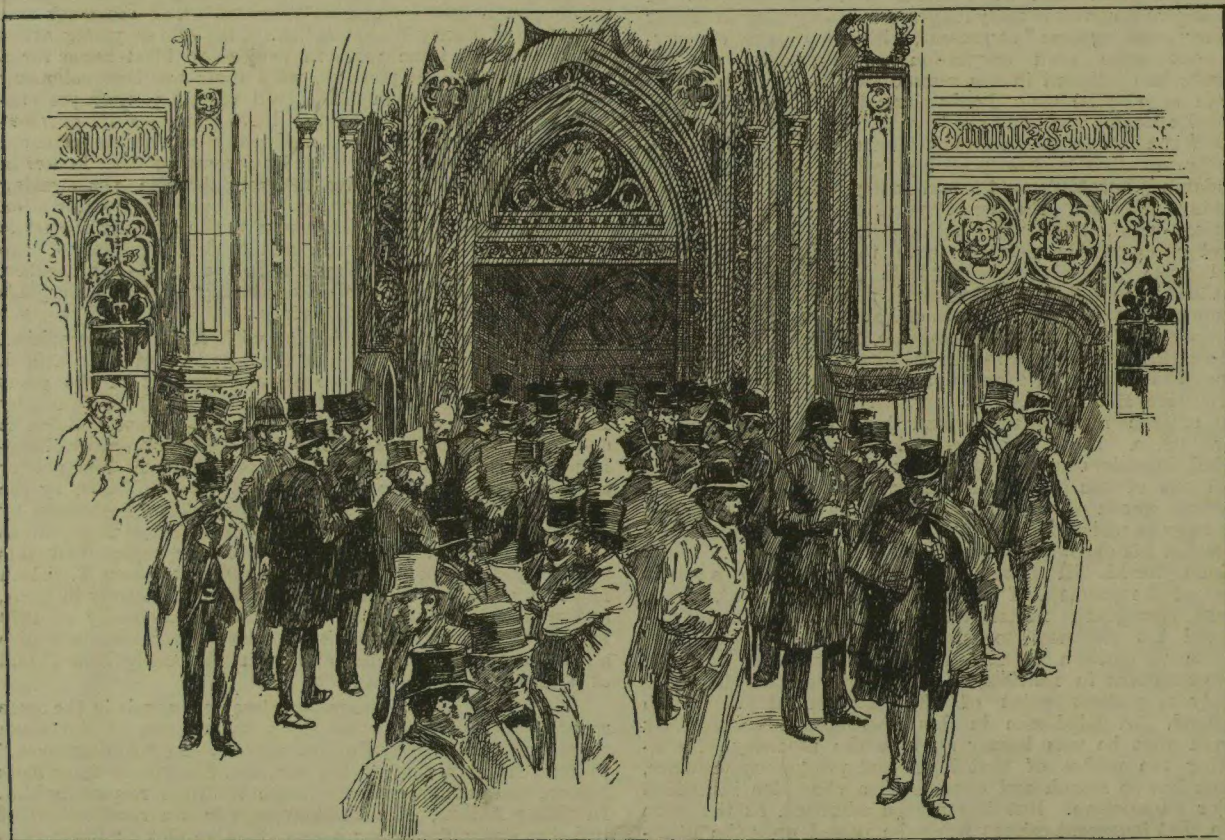
IRISH HOME RULERS AT PLAY.

We do not remember any occasion upon which the introduction of a Ministerial project in the House of Commons excited so much public curiosity, and drew such a crowded audience both of members and spectators, as on Thursday week, the day when Mr. Gladstone brought forward his bill

It had been arranged by the Liberal and Radical clubs and associations of the metropolis, and by the London Irish especially, to send representatives to greet by their acclamations the Prime Minister on the way from his official residence, in Downing-street, to the House of Commons. This

began to assemble pretty thickly along the line of route. At five minutes to two o'clock the Palace clock at the summit of the clock tower suddenly stopped, exciting no small amount of attention. As four o'clock approached, the assemblage got very much denser; and though, soon afterwards, the rain began to fall heavily, the crowd mostly stood their ground. At twenty minutes past four, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Gladstone emerged from the official residence in Downing-street, and entered the open carriage that had driven up to receive them. The right hon. gentleman wore an overcoat, and Mrs. Gladstone did her best to provide shelter by means of a large umbrella, but the shower of rain, driven by a boisterous wind, made the attempt only very moderately successful. Their appearance was the signal for a great outburst of cheering, mingled with a few groans, amid which the carriage, headed by a couple of mounted inspectors and followed by some mounted constables, rapidly drove off. The Premier kept acknowledging the salutations of the crowd by repeatedly raising his hat, in spite of the heavy rain.

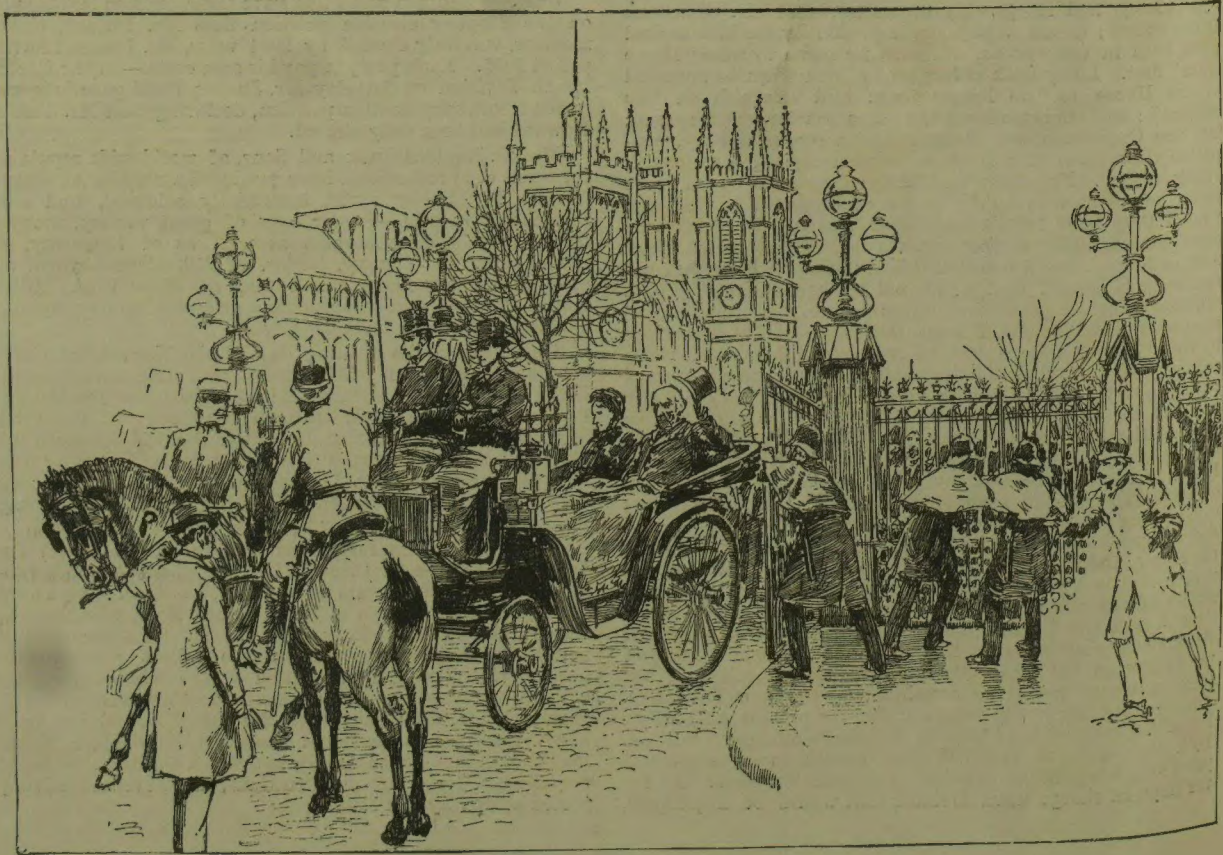
There was at this time one seat still vacant in the House, and towards that all eyes were turned. Precisely at half-past four Mr. Gladstone entered, and was greeted with a ringing cheer from the Parnellite and Radical members, the Conservatives and Whigs being conspicuously silent. The right hon. gentleman, who wore a white rose in his button-hole, looked pale and worn; but he walked with a light step, and seemed perfectly self-possessed. Immediately Mr. Gladstone had taken his seat the Speaker called the first question, but, by prearrangement, this, and the few others on the paper, were postponed; and just five minutes after his entrance the Prime Minister rose, amidst loud cheers, which were succeeded by a hush of expectancy, and even of solemnity, to make his long-promised statement. He stood in the most conspicuous place at the front bench on the Ministerial side, where the official red box of the First Lord of the Treasury is placed on the table, close to the mace of the Serjeant-at-Arms. There, on the table, was a supply of his familiar throat mixture, often used by him in long speeches, only on this occasion there were two pots instead of one. A rose blossomed from his coat button-hole, and the accompanying green leaves assumed, it might have been by set purpose, the disposition of the leaves of the shamrock. A real union of shamrock and rose was the avowed intention of his scheme. With the Irish question in his mind, the venerable statesman, before such a Parliamentary audience as scarcely ever before was assembled to listen to any speaker, proceeded to develop his arguments and plans, addressing the House for three hours and twenty minutes; his voice now and then became weak, but in nerve and brain he never failed for a moment; and before he sat down, at eight o'clock, he recovered in an eloquent peroration much of the impressive tone of his former magnificent voice. Our "Silent Member" gives a brief summary of the exposition of the Prime Minister.



"PERIS AT THE GATE."

"to amend the provision for the future government of Ireland." The House, including the side galleries as well as the floor, is not nearly large enough to afford sitting accommodation for its own members. They can only secure their seats by attending before the appointed hour of prayers in the afternoon, and placing their hats where they intend to sit; but this can be done at any time in the forenoon. It is understood that members wishing to retain seats in this manner will remain somewhere within the precincts of the House. Many of them came at a very early hour in the morning, some long before breakfast, and remained throughout the day. One Irish member arrived at the House so early as half-past five in the morning; and nearly the whole of the Irish party had put in an appearance by half-past eight o'clock. The refreshment contractor had issued a special notice, which stated that, for the convenience of members, breakfast would be served from half-past eight. More than a hundred honourable gentlemen breakfasted there. Something more, however, was wanted to while away the time, and one source of amusement was found in a tricycle borrowed from the manager of the refreshment-rooms, on which several of Mr. Parnell's adherents took exercise on the terrace, until an accident to one of them put a stop to any further experiments of the kind, especially as the machine itself had collapsed. Members who did not get up so early, or who were less eager to secure seats, came down leisurely during the morning, and before noon every seat, with the exception of those on the Treasury and front Opposition benches, was taken, the front row in the gallery on either side of the House being appropriated as well. As members came in, and sat down finally in the places they had secured, the great collection of hats which had adorned the benches were resumed by those to whom they belonged. It was now observed that the floor of the House, which hitherto had been kept clear and open, was filled with rows of chairs brought from the committee-rooms, and ranged in order from the gangway to the bar, leaving only a narrow passage between. Extra seats were thus provided for about forty members. The gangways were fully occupied; as for the steps of the chair, they were crowded up to the Speaker's feet. In the Speaker's Gallery and the Strangers' Gallery, at the lower end of the House, and in the Reporters' Gallery, behind the Speaker's chair, every inch of space was filled. The Peers' Gallery was fully occupied; amongst those present were the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor. The Ladies' Gallery was filled as soon as it was opened, at half-past three; Mrs. Gladstone was one of the spectators of the scene below.

intention was carried out, and the vigour with which the members of the numerous London branches of the Irish National League threw themselves into the demonstration gave it a character somewhat different to anything of the kind which has occurred before. About two o'clock people



ARRIVAL OF MR. GLADSTONE, 4.30 P.M.



ALL THAT IS LEFT: SCENE AT A MAYO EVICTION.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. CLAUDE BYRNE.

There are two sides of every Irish question, and there are two sides of Ireland. The western side of that country is always in a deplorable condition. If you take a map of the whole island and strike a tolerably straight line from the town of Londonderry, in the north, to Skibbereen, near Cape Clear, the most southerly point, you divide the region of comparative prosperity from nearly all the districts suffering from chronic misery, worse than is endured in any other civilised land throughout the world. The mountain county of Donegal, which is totally unlike the other counties of Ulster, portions of Leitrim, Sligo, and Roscommon, Mayo and West Galway, including Connemara, with the islands off the coast, in Clew Bay and Galway Bay, parts of Clare and Limerick, the county of Kerry, and the south-western extremity of Cork, form a territory condemned for ages to perpetual wretchedness, such as is exhibited nowhere else in Europe. Agrarian outrages, murders, and other crimes of violence and cruelty, not including the practice of "boycotting," are pretty well confined to certain notorious districts west of the line which we have indicated, composing but a small part of

Ireland, where they are traditional and customary among the merely local population. It is not in this purely Celtic region, with its abject poverty and social separation from the main intrests of national life, that political agitation finds much active support, though the League has its branches in most of the towns; the peasantry, in general, can barely keep themselves alive, and care little for the glorious vision of a Dublin Parliament. Their greatest hardships are those which Nature has inflicted upon them by the niggardness of the soil, a large proportion of the country being moorland or mountain, rock and bog, and by the unfavourable climate, stormy, wet, and cloudy, from the neighbourhood of the Atlantic Ocean. In the judgment of scientific agricultural economists, a considerable part of the land in those western counties is so poor that it cannot afford to pay any rent whatever; its quality, with the effect of the weather that ordinarily prevails, is such that it only just enables the cultivators to earn mere subsistence for themselves and their families. Rent has usually been paid from money earned by one or two men of each family going yearly to England or Scotland for

harvest work, and in some cases also by women or young persons going to work for the farmers in Ulster: when this expedient has failed the peasant has sold his last cow, heifer, or pig, or the horse needed for the plough, to pay the rent; but it is seldom paid from the produce of the soil. This is the position, generally, of the poor Connaught tenantry, of whom, in that province, there are seventy thousand holding each less than fifteen acres, twenty thousand having less than five acres each, many with land that yields no crops but potatoes and oats and rye; and in some districts, last season, these crops were an utter failure. Our readers will therefore consider what is the meaning of an "eviction" for non-payment of rent, in such a district of Mayo as that where our Artist, Mr. Claude Byrne, the other day made his sketch of the girl, shut out with her father, mother, and the children from the cottage built by their own hands—waiting in charge of their few household goods while they go to find a shelter for the ejected family; but it happens too often that they have no roof to cover them at nightfall, and, with little food and scanty clothing, it is likely that the weaker may perish. That is one side of Ireland.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Who will venture to say that women are not interested in politics, after learning of the extraordinary pressure put upon members to find seats for ladies in the gallery to hear Mr. Gladstone's Irish statement? Over two hundred M.P.'s balloted on that occasion for the few poor seats that the British House of Commons provides for ladies who want to be instructed in politics by the living voice method. The real truth is that women are earnest politicians as soon as they come to think it right for them to take an interest in public affairs. The ladies of the ruling classes have always been interested in politics; and when "the ruling class" was an exclusive term, meaning a handful of aristocratic families, the ladies belonging to it quietly took their full share of political activity, and exercised a proper amount of influence in public affairs without making any particular public display. But now King Demos rules; and with the extension of political power amongst men has come, in natural course, the extension of the avowed interest amongst women at large.

The most exciting moment of the debate was when Mr. Chamberlain wanted to explain why he had left the Government, and Mr. Gladstone, sheltering himself behind the Queen's robes, called out that her Majesty had not given permission for the ex-Minister to tell more than half the tale. It must be very annoying to be a Queen, to have one's name "constitutionally" taken in vain, without regard to one's real opinions. However, Mr. Chamberlain very cleverly let the cat—the £120,000,000—out of the bag, in the very act of appearing to tighten up the string to keep pussy in. I am not going to discuss Home Rule, of course; only I may say this, about which I think most of us English people would be agreed: If some able engineer could discover a method of digging the sister country up by the roots, and steaming off with her and all her population, we would not mind adding £120,000,000 to our National Debt to reward him for removing the delightful island to a vacant spot in the South Pacific. There she might have Home Rule more conveniently than she can just across St. George's Channel; or perhaps Prince Bismarck might like to annex her then, and buy out her landlords, and pay for the education of her priests, and provide for her in her future famines, and enjoy all the other advantages in which England now luxuriates.

There was something pathetic, I think, about the funeral service for W. E. Forster being held at the very moment when all the world was reading Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule speech. Mr. Forster had truly passed through the fire with regard to the Irish problem, and understood the case and the character of the agitation. I met him at a garden party, very soon after his return from the Irish Chief Secretaryship. The Prince and Princess of Wales were there, by-the-way, and I smiled to notice that the descendant of Quakers kept his hat off in the blazing sun, after the Royal party entered the marquee, until the Prince, with his usual tact, sent our host to say, "The Princess wishes you to put on your hat, Mr. Forster." In conversation, Mr. Forster told me that at the very last moment of his stay in Ireland, when he had resigned office and was returning to England, an anonymous letter was sent to him, warning him that he was to be murdered on his journey. The luggage had already gone by the appointed route, and he was just on the point of starting. His plans were changed at that final moment, in accordance with the warning; and the watch set by the police left no doubt that the assassination had truly been fully arranged. "That I consider a very special Providence," said he; "for we thought the danger was over when they had fairly got me out of office, and the police precautions were therefore relaxed." Before that, he had been accustomed to go about in constant watchfulness for the murderers who were dogging his footsteps. I said something sympathetically to the effect that it must have been a strain on his health. "I did not mind it much," said he; "but" he added, looking across the grass to Mrs. Forster, "mother was troubled for me. When I was away from her she used to be so anxious that it turned her hair white."

Thus it is in civil as in military duty. The man, in the thick of the struggle, feels the strain far less than the woman who sits at home suffering anxiety in monotony and uncertainty. Mrs. Gladstone's worry about the possible injury for her hero in his efforts is obvious in her whole demeanour. She goes with him as nearly up to the Treasury Bench as she may, and prepares with her own hands the alcoholic support (a sort of egg-flip) from which, to the horror of his teetotal supporters, the Premier frequently sips during his prolonged speeches. Who does not know, too, what care Lady Beaconsfield used to show for Mr. Disraeli? One of the prettiest stories of married life that I know is that of her taking him down to the House in her brougham, when he was going to make an important speech, getting her finger crushed in the door as it was shut on his parting from her, and suppressing all sound of pain, for fear that the accident might upset him if he knew of it, and spoil his speech.

I have just had a private view of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. It is chaos; but hundreds of men are busily at work reducing it to order for the opening day, now so near at hand. The aspect of it will be entirely different from that of the exhibitions of previous years. The long, wide gallery facing the principal entrance is to be lit with big Brush lights, instead of the rows of sparkling jets that were so effective. It is devoted to India, and the roof is hung with the banners of the different Princes. All along the floor, on either hand, are being erected shop-fronts of Indian work, most of them of carved wood. Some of this carving is very beautiful; a certain massive set of uprights and cross-beams, from the Giakwar of Baroda, being worthy of Grinling Gibbons. In the avenue between these, immense trolleys of dirt and rubbish are being rolled along, and great packages, the most obvious contents of which are hay and tow, are being unrolled. But in spite of all this dirt and confusion, some punctual exhibitors are here getting their house in order.

Several cases of silver ornaments are already completely fitted up. Here are three men with a whole draper's shop of Indian stuffs, which they are trying to display in six feet of space. Here is a board on trestles, serving as a table, covered with models of all manner of hideous little snakes, most of them of a bright green colour. Here is a hoarding, bearing upon it, roughly but effectively sketched in black paint, the figures of an elephant and an alligator, and a legend forbidding entry behind it to any but "men at work on the models." In the midst of all this, to add to the strangeness of the scene, are dotted about life-size and life-like Indian figures, in native costume. Here is a nautch-girl, hung over with silver ornaments, and dressed in scarlet raiment, leaning forward, with hand uplifted. There is an aged, stooping Brahmin, in white draperies. Here is a man tied on to a chair, his hands upraised with an absurd appearance of impotent wrath at his captivity. Feminine curiosity peeps through the wide interstices of certain tall packing-cases, and is rewarded by being startled by the swarthy (composition) faces and fierce (glass) eyes of models of the Indian troops. Such is the present aspect of the scene through which the Queen will pass a fortnight hence.

F. F. M.

BIRTHS.

On the 12th inst., at Sydney, N.S.W., the wife of William John Adams, of a daughter.

On the 11th inst., at Moscow, the wife of the Rev. H. M. Bernard, of a daughter.

On the 9th inst., at The Boundary, Simla, the wife of W. R. Lawrence, B.C.S., of a son.

DEATH.

On April 13, 1886, at his residence, 34, Montpelier-square, William Needham, J.P. and D.L. of the county of Derby, and J.P. of the counties of Monmouth and Nottingham, aged 86.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.
The CHEAP SATURDAY TO MONDAY TICKETS issued to or from London, &c., and the Seaside, &c., on SATURDAY, APRIL 24, will be available for return on MONDAY, TUESDAY, OR WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 27, and 28.
EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. train from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport and Cowes, on APRIL 22 and 24 (First, Second, and Third Class).

PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION.— Leaving London Bridge 8.55 a.m. and 8 p.m., and Victoria 8.50 a.m. and 7.50 p.m., THURSDAY, APRIL 22.
Returning from Paris by Night Service on any day up to and including WEDNESDAY, MAY 5; Fares, First Class, 38s.; Second Class, 29s.

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.— A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, APRIL 24th, from Victoria, 2.30 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction, from Kensington, 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea and Battersea; from London Bridge, 2.35 p.m., calling at New Cross and East Croydon.
Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 7.5 p.m. train. Fares, 7s. 6d. and 5s.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, from Victoria, 1.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington, 12.45 p.m.; from London Bridge, 2.50 p.m. Returning by certain trains only the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lewes, Eastbourne, and Hastings.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.—GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New-cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

BRANCH BOOKING-OFFICES.—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking-offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—

* The Company's General West-End Booking-offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly. W., and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar-square.

Hays' City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, E.C.

Gaz's Tourist Offices, Ludgate-circus and Euston-road.

Jakins' Office "Red Cap," Camden-road.

Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.

* These Two Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on April 21, 22, and 24.

For full particulars of times, fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking-offices.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF

MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1886, has much pleasure in announcing the following remarkable representations, for which purpose Mr. Fabian has already engaged—

Mesdames Isaac, Gall-Marié, Mesdames Rose Delaunay, Thillier-Lolot,

" Franck Duvvernoy, Mons. Bertin-Tauffenberg, &c., Noémie Vernon,

LE GRAND MOGUL, LA PETITE MARIEE, LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE, LA MASCOETTE, &c.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO.

This is pursued during the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.

MONTE CARLO is supplied with the following superior Hotels.—Grand Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria, Hôtel des Anglais, Grand Hôtel de Monte Carlo, Hôtel de Russie, Beau Rivage, &c.; and furnished villas, together with excellent apartments, are to be obtained.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWINGROOM. Painted by

F. SARGENT.—Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK and SONS take pleasure in announcing the Exhibition of this magnificent Picture, containing upwards of 130

Portraits, painted from special sittings, of her Majesty, the Royal Family, and Leading Members of Society, at the NEW GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25, Old Bond-street. ON VIEW from Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New

Pictures.—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Orotos," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 103, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE

completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of

PICTURES by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, HAYMARKET (next the Theatre). Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT,

Lessee and Manager. CLOSED till SATURDAY, APRIL 24. The FIFTY-THIRD PERFORMANCE of THE LORD HARRY. Two Performances on EASTER MONDAY. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.

HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL

and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, JIM, THE PENMAN, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart., Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Barrymore, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Rodney, Mr. Ben Brooke, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. Winter, Mr. West, Miss Helen Layton, Mrs. Greet, Miss Lindley, and Lady Monckton. Seats can be booked in advance daily, from Ten till Five. No fees.—HAYMARKET.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY

IRVING.—FAUST at a Quarter to Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five.—LYCEUM.

This Theatre will be closed for Five Nights next week, APRIL 19 to 23 inclusive, reopening on SATURDAY, the 24th. FAUST, at Eight o'clock.—LYCEUM.

MRS. LANGTRY.—ENEMIES.—THE PRINCESS.—Season

under the management of Mrs. LANGTRY. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, a new Comedy-Drama, in Five Acts, entitled ENEMIES, written by Charles F. Coghlan, in which Mrs. LANGTRY and full Company will appear (see daily papers). Doors open 7.40, commence Eight. Carriages, Eleven. Box-office (Mr. Hamilton) open Eleven to Five. Theatre lighted by electricity.—THE PRINCESS THEATRE. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK (GOOD FRIDAY INCLUDED).

DAY PERFORMANCES MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY.

The world-famed entertainment of the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

TWO GRAND CONCERTS OF SACRED MUSIC ON GOOD FRIDAY

AFTERNOON AND NIGHT.

The EASTER HOLIDAY FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES will commence in the

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL on EASTER MONDAY AFTERNOON.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

ON GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 23.

TWO GRAND CONCERTS OF SACRED MUSIC will be given by the

SOLO SINGERS, CHOIR, AND ORCHESTRA of the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS

IN THE AFTERNOON AT THREE, IN THE EVENING AT EIGHT.

The Program will be selected from the chefs d'œuvres of MOZART, ROSSINI, GLUCK, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN, MEYERBEER AND GOUNOD. INCREASED

ORCHESTRA. Conductor, Mr. John Hobson. Principal Soprano, Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY, specially engaged. Tickets can now be secured daily at Austin's office, St. James's Hall. Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30.

EASTER HOLIDAYS. ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.

ON EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 26, there will be A THOROUGH CHANGE

made in the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'

ENTERTAINMENT. All New and Beautiful Songs and Choruses. New and

Screamingly Funny Comic Acts, Stories, and Burlesques. NEW AND IMPORTANT

ENGAGEMENTS have also been entered into, to strengthen the already POWER-

FUL AND EFFICIENT COMPANY. ON EASTER MONDAY, TWO SPECIAL

PERFORMANCES will be given in the ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL. AFTER-

NOON, at THREE, NIGHT AT EIGHT. FIVE THOUSAND SEATS. ON EASTER

TUESDAY, another DAY PERFORMANCE will be given. Tickets and places can

now be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, every day from 9.30 till 7 p.m.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There was only one way of treating "Tom Jones" for the stage, and that is precisely the way that Mr. Robert Buchanan has treated it. It is idle—nay, it is mere waste of time, to cry aloud and shout for exactly that flavour of Fielding that no author of repute would ever offer, and no respectable audience would ever endure. The true "Tom Jones" is doubtless human; his creator has dissected him for our pleasurable consideration; he has contrasted the good and the bad in the man—his generosity and his meanness—he has shown just when his viciousness overrides his natural frank, lovable, and impulsive nature. We know the man as well now as when Fielding drew him for us with such masterly skill and glowing colours, but it would have been as impossible to place the true Tom Jones before the footlights, to discover the secrets of his life, to describe his adventures, his escapades, his most questionable relations with the Ballastons, the Seagrims, the waiting-maids, the inn servants, the flighty wives, and the fashionable beauties, as it would have been to put into the mouth of Squire Western the coarse oaths and dirty sentences that belonged to another century, and were printed by a novelist of the "realistic school." If Mr. Buchanan had followed Fielding, as some, with strange inconsistency, desire him to do, he would have respected the bookworm and disgusted the playgoer. As it is, he has given to Mr. Thorne at the Vaudeville a capital play, arranged with singular skill, with the comic and serious interest nicely interwoven: he has preserved the essential essence of "Tom Jones" without insisting on its high flavour, and he has provided some clever and careful actors with work far superior to the rubbish that is usually insisted on as requisite for the stage in the present condition of public taste. Why the new play should have been called "Sophia" it would puzzle one to say, except as an imitation of "Olivia," the last and best version of "The Vicar of Wakefield"; but in the case of Mr. Wills's play, his title was thoroughly justified. It was wholly and solely the story of the Vicar's daughter, her temptation, her flight, her ruin, her despair, her return to her father's home. But Mr. Buchanan's play is not the story of Sophia, but of Tom Jones. She is a charming, but dramatically a subordinate figure. He is the hero here as he was of the novel. We follow his fortunes and career from end to end. His life in the country, his position at Mr. Allworthy's, his secret detestation of the sneaking Blifl, his popularity with the girls he kisses and the peasants he protects, his growing love for the incomparable Sophia, his thrashing of Blifl, and his expulsion from the old home, are all told with ready wit and genuine dramatic force. Then comes the change. Tom, in company with the faithful Partridge, follows Sophia to London, is reduced to misery and despair, is inveigled and coaxed, and petted and spoiled, by a designing and not a vicious Lady Bellaston; is rejected by Sophia on evidence of duplicity too strong to resist; and is only restored to her good-will and pure heart when Blifl is unmasked, and the fateful cloud that has overshadowed the hero's life sails away in the distance, and the true pure sky is blue and sunny again. The acting is throughout even, consistent, and interesting. In one or two instances, however, it rises to remarkable merit. Since Mr. Thomas Thorne played Caleb Decie in the "Two Roses," he has had no character that suited him so well, or one to which he has done more justice than Partridge, who is elevated into an important character in the play. These types of character, alternately sentimental and comic, neither unduly pathetic nor broadly farcical, suit him admirably. The devotion of the old barber to the young master is charmingly expressed by the actor, and there is a Triplet tenderness in the poverty of the outcast that is very sympathetically told. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a more charming representative of that sweetest of women in all fiction, Sophia Western, than Miss Kate Rorke. This young actress is gaining strength, and showing signs of remarkable future excellence. She acts from her heart; there are wondrously tender tones in her voice; and she has that most invaluable of all gifts—expression. She "phrases well," as musicians would say, and she feels what she says, which is what so few modern actresses do. Miss Helen Forsyth made a remarkable success with Molly Seagrim, whose viciousness is of course toned down. The young actress gives us, instead a refined and devulgarised Audrey; a peasant girl with reduced hoydenism, and without the turnip; a loving, unblushing, ill-educated wench, who does not hesitate to say to every handsome lad, "give I a buss," and to take it without ceremony. Miss Forsyth boldly attacked the character, and carried her audience with her from the first word she uttered. She understood what she was about, and this important fact was speedily known. Mr. Charles Glenny was successful enough with Tom Jones; his passion was perhaps a little theatrical, and his sentiment slightly overdrawn; but his acting was spirited, and he kept the play together. The most difficult character in the play to present properly was Blifl, and Mr. Royce Carleton thoroughly understood it. It was one of those cold, calm, bloodless scamps that Mr. Archer has before now played so remarkably well. His duplicity was absolutely deceptive. Nothing could have been better, in its way, than the acting of Miss Sophie Larkin as Miss Western, or of Miss Lottie Venne as Miss Honour. In smaller characters, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Akhurst, and Mr. Gilbert Farquhar were always in the picture. The handsome appearance of Miss Rose Leclercq was a good contrast to the simplicity of the rural scenes; and when Mr. Fred. Thorne remembers that the Vaudeville Theatre is not Drury-Lane, there will be very little fault to find with a play that is sure to find favour with future audiences.

Mr. Comyns Carr has given the best of his recent stage-work to the ever-popular entertainment known as the "German Reed's." Although the late Mr. Hugh Conway may have planted somewhere the seed of a "United Pair," it is Mr. Carr who has watered it, tended it, and produced such a welcome flower. It is exactly what was wanted at St. George's Hall, an amusing little tale, told with infinite spirit, having touches of true comedy, adorned with graceful lyrics, wedded to melodious music, and excellently acted. Mr. Carr has followed in the footsteps of the best and most popular writers for German Reed's, and his cultured style is necessarily appreciated at a hall distinguished for its refinement and good taste. Once more Mr. Alfred Reed has come to the front as a comedian of no ordinary talent. He plays the leading character. He is the pivot of the play; and he is as well assisted as ever by Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Clara Merivale, Mr. North Home, and Mr. Charles Allan, an admirable quartette of talent. The musical finale of the little play, "List! O List! Virginia Crackle," is just in the Gilbert-Sullivan vein of humour, and Mr. Caldecott has seldom written more pleasing music. What with Mr. Carr's play, and Mr. Corney Grain's incomparable sketch, called "Amateur Theatricals," the Easter holiday-makers have a treat before them at the top of Regent-street.

Easter will be mainly devoted to revivals. The "events" will be the production of "The Pickpocket," vice "The Private Secretary," and the reappearance of Sarah Bernhardt. C.S.

At the International Regatta at Nice on the 9th inst., the race for steam-yachts was won by Lord Hamilton's Cecile.

MUSIC.

LISZT IN LONDON.

Our last week's record could only notice some of the proceedings in recognition of the visit of Franz Liszt, the most important of which was the performance of his grand oratorio, "St. Elizabeth," at the sixth and last of the series of Novello's oratorio concerts at St. James's Hall, in the presence of the composer. This event was duly commented on by us. The same oratorio was afterwards given (also at St. James's Hall) at the annual spring concert of the London Academy of Music. On this occasion the principal solo vocalists were Miss M. Macintyre, Miss R. Moss, and Mr. A. Reakes, who acquitted themselves well in their arduous task. The orchestral and choral performances were also efficient. Dr. Wylde conducted. It was by this gentleman that a portion of "St. Elizabeth" was first given at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts in 1870.

The reception of Liszt by his friend and pupil Mr. Walter Bache at the Grosvenor Gallery was an interesting event of the past week. On that occasion a selection of the composer's music was worthily rendered. His "Angelus," for a stringed orchestra; the "Chorus of Angels," from his "Faust" music; his pianoforte solo, "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la solitude," and vocal solos, formed a well-contrasted programme, to which upwards of twenty skilled orchestral players, twenty lady vocalists from the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Bache as solo pianist, and Mr. Winch as solo vocalist, gave due effect. The crowning event of the evening, however, was the performance of Liszt himself in two pianoforte pieces, which he played with an alternate charm and power truly remarkable in a pianist of his age. Further recognition of the distinguished visitor was offered on the Friday evening and Saturday afternoon: on the earlier date, at Herr L. Emil Bach's concert at St. James's Hall, in the other instance at the Crystal Palace. Herr Bach's programme included his own skilful pianoforte performances in Liszt's concerto in E flat, his Hungarian fantasia, and his arrangement of Weber's polacca in E major; all with orchestra. A fine band was assembled, and played the orchestral episode, "Die heiligen drei Könige," from Liszt's oratorio "Christus," and his symphonic poem "Orpheus." Vocal pieces were effectively rendered by Miss L. Lehmann and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel. Mr. Randegger conducted. Liszt was present, and received the usual ovation from a crowded audience.

Saturday afternoon's Crystal Palace concert—which was the nineteenth, and last but one of the series—was also given entirely in honour of Liszt, who was present on the occasion, and received an enthusiastic welcome from an overflowing assembly. The programme consisted of music which had before been heard in our concert-rooms, and included the "Rákóczy March," the symphonic poems "Les Préludes" and "Mazeppa," the pianoforte concerto in E flat, and shorter solos for that instrument, vocal pieces, and the fourth Hungarian Rhapsody for orchestra. The concerto and pianoforte solos were excellently played by Herr Stavenhagen, a juvenile pupil of Liszt. The young gentleman possesses a facility of execution and a command over all gradations of tone remarkable at so early an age. His success was complete. Miss L. Lehmann was the vocalist, and, as at Herr Bach's concert, sang the ballade "Die Loreley" with good expression, but with scarcely sufficient dramatic force—lieder contributed by the same vocalist having completed the selection.

This (Saturday) afternoon Liszt is again to be present at the Crystal Palace, at the performance of his oratorio "St. Elizabeth," which is to be given with the same principal solo vocalists and chorus as at the last of the series of Novello's oratorio concerts at St. James's Hall (on April 6), and again conducted by Mr. Mackenzie. This will be the last of the thirtieth series of Saturday afternoon concerts, and will be supplemented by the usual performance for the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor, the date of which has been changed from April 24 to May 8.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are close on the termination of their twenty-eighth season. The last Saturday afternoon performance takes place this week, and the last evening concert next Monday. Madame Schumann has reappeared and played with repeated success, pianoforte solos of her own and her late husband's composition, and his sonata with violin, in A minor, in association with Herr Joachim. A recent programme brought forward (for the first time) a sonata for violoncello and pianoforte composed by Signor Piatti, who played the part for the former instrument, in association with Miss Zimmermann at the piano. The work is pleasingly melodious, and offers many opportunities for the player's powers of expression and execution. It need scarcely be said that it derived all possible effect from its rendering by the artists named. At last Saturday's concert, Mr. Hollins made his first appearance here. He was formerly a student, and is now a Professor, at the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Upper Norwood. Although deprived of sight, Mr. Hollins is a very skilful pianist, whose performances we have had previous occasion to commend. In the instance now referred to he manifested his powers by sustaining the important pianoforte part in Beethoven's greatest trio—that in B flat, Op. 97—in association with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. Liszt was present at the concert of last Monday evening, and was again received with enthusiasm.

As briefly announced last week, Mr. C. V. Stanford's oratorio "The Three Holy Children," was performed for the first time in London by the London Musical Society, at St. James's Hall. The work, which is one of the best—perhaps the very best—of its composer's productions, was noticed by us in reference to its production at the Birmingham Triennial Festival last August, when it obtained much success; a result which was repeated last week, when the principal solo vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton. Miss Williams sang in the Birmingham performance, the late Mr. Maas having been the tenor, and Signor Foli the bass. On both occasions it was the choral music of the oratorio that produced the most effect. Last week's rendering, conducted by Mr. Barnby, was generally efficient. The next concert of the society takes place on June 22.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir gave the first of two concerts at St. James's Hall during the week. Of the performances we must speak next week.

The Philharmonic Society gave the fourth concert of the present series, at St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening.

Mr. Frederic Lamond—the young pianist whose brilliant performances have recently attracted so much attention—gave another recital on Thursday at St. James's Hall.

Madame Christine Nilsson was announced to reappear at the Royal Albert Hall, on Thursday evening, at one of Mr. W. Carter's concerts.

The Amateur Orchestral Society announced the last concert of the season to take place this (Saturday) evening at St. James's Hall.

Yesterday (Friday) afternoon the Royal Academy of Music gave a students' orchestral concert at St. James's Hall; and in the evening the clever young pianist, Herr Stavenhagen, was to give a recital at Prince's Hall.—At the same time the

Sacred Harmonic Society gave the sixth concert of the season, at St. James's Hall. The programme comprised Sir Arthur Sullivan's sacred cantata, "The Martyr of Antioch," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

Mr. Isidore De Lara gave his third and last vocal concert of the present series on Tuesday afternoon, at Steinway Hall.

The Kensington Orchestral and Choral Society announced a performance of Costa's "Eli" for Friday (yesterday) evening, at the Kensington Townhall; Miss Ellen Elton, Miss Ellen Marchant, Mr. Percy Palmer, Mr. E. F. Buels, and Mr. W. H. Brereton being the artists, and the conductor Mr. William Buels.

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society gave their third concert last Saturday evening at St. James's Hall. Mr. Norfolk Megone was the conductor. The programme included Mendelssohn's overture "Fingal's Cave"; Beethoven's "Second Symphony"; Liszt's "Galop Chromatique"; Bizet's "L'Arlesienne"; a descriptive piece, by Eilenberg, called "The March of the Mountain Gnomes"; a new entr'acte, "Idée dansante," by Percy Reeves—all of which were given most creditably; and some vocal pieces contributed by Mr. Hume, Miss Agnes Jansen, and Mrs. Arthur Kent. Mr. A. J. Caldicott was a most sympathetic accompanist.

Señor Sarasate will begin a series of orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall next Monday afternoon.

Good Friday will be celebrated by a performance of "The Messiah" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, by Mr. Ambrose Austin's annual sacred concert at St. James's Hall, and by concerts of sacred music at the Crystal Palace.

There is promise of an operatic season, beginning on May 15, at the Royal Italian Opera-House, under the direction of Signor Lago. Madame Albani, Signor Gayarré, M. Faure, and other eminent artists are among the contemplated engagements.

Madame Szarvady (Wilhelmine Clauss) is about to revisit London, where the recollection of this fine pianist's performances will secure her a hearty welcome.

The Lady Goldsmid Scholarship, at the Royal Academy of Music, has been awarded to Miss Dora Bright, and the Stern-dale Bennett Scholarship to Mr. Albert H. Fox.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The "old masters" collected by Mr. William Graham contained amongst them no such remarkable gems as the modern pictures sold a week previously. Nevertheless, as illustrative of the early Italian schools, the collection was a strong one, and a less careful editor would doubtless have claimed as authentic works which in the catalogue were only ascribed the masters' schools. There were 322 lots in all, and these, divided over three days, realised an aggregate of £23,409 3s; those by the modern artists, sold in the previous week, realising £45,759. Amongst the most important pictures were "A Virgin and Child," by Filippo Lippi, £661 10s.; "La Bella Simonetta" (?), by Pietro Della Francesca, £525; "A Virgin and Child" with a pomegranate, an infant St. John, and two angels, by Ghirlandajo, £777; Il Greco's portrait of his own daughter, £309 10s.; and "A Holy Family," by Giovanni Bellini, £745. Mr. Doyle, for the National Gallery of Ireland, secured an "Assumption," by Juan De Valdez (£42), and a "Martyrdom of St. Cosmo and St. Damian," by Fra Angelico (£73 10s.); but Sir F. Burton purchased nothing for the collection in Trafalgar-square.

Visitors to Rome during Easter week will find that the portion of the Vatican known as the Museo dei Candelabri, which has been closed for the last three years, has been reopened, the restoration, undertaken under the Pope's own supervision, being now complete. But probably far greater interest, especially amongst scholars, will be excited by the museum just opened at the remote town of Corneto Tarquinia, the "Queen of the Maremma," easily reached from Rome, where may be seen the remarkable collection of Etruscan antiquities excavated in the neighbourhood during the past eighteen months.

The Greek Government has published a decree, signed by the King, in virtue of which all antiquities found in the province of Athens (Attica) are to be sent to the central museum of the capital. Exception is made, however, in favour of the objects discovered on the Acropolis, which will be retained in the building on that eminence. All the antiquities are to be rearranged in chronological order in both museums; and where the originals of any particular period are wanting they are to be replaced by casts from the most important works in other museums.

The collection of M. Lafaulotte's curiosities, which was sold in Paris last week, attracted almost as much attention from amateurs as did the Fountaine sale in this country last summer; but the prices realised were far less remarkable. The lot which aroused the keenest competition was a Bernard Palissy dish, which M. Lafaulotte had bought at the Solytkoff sale, in 1861, for 10,000f. (£400), and which was now sold to a private collector for 25,700f. (£1028). This dish, which has often been compared, to its advantage, with the best specimen of Palissy ware in the Louvre, was originally unearthed in a small shop at Nevers, by a Paris dealer, who gave for it 500f., and sold it, almost immediately, to Prince Solytkoff for 5000f.

Messrs. Sidney Starr, Max Ludby, H. J. Johnstone, and Charles Thornely have been elected members of the Incorporated Society of British Artists.

The Lord Mayor distributed the prizes at the St. Thomas Charterhouse School of Art, Goswell-road, last Saturday. Since the commencement of the school 6000 teachers have passed through it. During the year 240 students were in attendance; and Miss Georgina Augusta Mair gained the National Art Scholarship, value £150, as well as the National Bronze Medal and the National Queen's Prize. Forty-five other prizes were awarded by the department; and, in addition, twenty-eight students obtained full drawing certificates, while 112 others were successful in passing in some art subject.

On the 8th inst. the distribution of prizes to the successful students of the National Art Training-School at last year's competition took place in the lecture-theatre of the South Kensington Museum. Mr. J. C. L. Sparkes, the Principal, presided. Colonel Lennox opened the proceedings by reading a short report, whence it appeared that one of the two scholarships given by the Princess of Wales was gained by Miss Winifred Hope Thompson, whose name stood also at the head of the printed list of prizes to be distributed that day as the winner of a gold medal for a chalk drawing of a nude figure from life. The other Alexandra scholarship was taken by a Manchester lady. The awards in the National and Local Competition of 1885 comprised, besides the scholarships, four gold medals, twenty-two silver, and thirty-five bronze.

Letters from the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres and several Lancashire clergymen were read at a meeting at Wigan, on Saturday, condemning the proposal to prohibit female labour on the banks of coal-pits. About 200 of the girls so employed were present at the meeting, and resolutions were passed against the suggested legislation.

SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

The New English Art Club has found excellent quarters at the Marlborough Gallery (Pall-mall), in the rooms formerly occupied by the Institute of Painters in Water Colours; and its first exhibition shows, in many respects, a new departure in such displays. The walls are not, as is too often the case, crowded with pictures of all sorts and subjects, and hung rather with reference to the shape and size of the frames than to the needs of the pictures themselves. Less than sixty pictures are exhibited—the rule of the club precluding any member sending more than two—and these are so arranged as to show to the best advantage each artist's work and method. The haste with which the club has been formed, and the small time allowed for bringing together any really strong display of the young Franco-Anglian school, must be taken into account in judging the present assemblage, but amongst them there are some of more than average talent and promise. Mr. Frederick Brown's "Hard Times" (51), a labourer out of work in a village tap-room, seated before his empty half-pint pot; the wretched girl striving to get a little warmth into her benumbed limbs, as she kneels beside the dull fire, are excellently drawn and expressive figures, of which the sentiment is not forced, and the whole setting careful and harmonious. A more joyous phase of daily life is "The Latest Novelty from London" (45), by Mr. A. Chevalier Taylor—a pedlar who has set on the floor a Japanese doll, whose grotesque appearance excites various feelings in the faces of the cottage party. Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Morning" (6) is spoilt, as is doubtless the mother's rest, by the irruption of the boy's head through the curtains of her bed; but otherwise the tone of the picture is very subdued and delicate. In these works, as in other figure-drawings, like Mr. A. Hacker's "Cradle Song" (23), Mr. Solomon Solomon's "Reflections"—a ball-room looking-glass—and, better still, in Mr. G. Clausen's "Shepherdess" (43)—a real cow-girl of a real Normandy or Devonshire lane—we have the key-note of the art of this school. They wish to prove, and often succeed in so doing, that the function of the painter is to reproduce what he sees around him; not merely photographing it, but infusing into it some of the thoughts and sentiments which are dominant in his own mind, and in the world around him. There is another school, the neo-classicists, who are represented by Mr. H. S. Tuke's "Bathers" (41), very different in treatment from F. Walker's and Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "Venturesome" (12), who, in their desire to paint the nude and to display their appreciation of anatomy, go somewhat far afield to find an excuse, and, what is more to be regretted, they seem to confound the special functions of the sister arts of sculpture and painting. The landscape painters of the new English school are strongly tinged by French influences, yet frequently shaking themselves free of servile imitations. Mr. Alfred Parsons has two charming little pieces "In an Orchard" (15) and "Weeds" (16); Mr. Stanhope Forbes, "A Cornish Street" (42), narrow and grey, yet animated withal; Mr. W. J. Laidlay, an almost monochrome study of reeds and rushes (56) on a sandy coast, which is full of clever surprises and delicate appreciation of life among the dunes; and Mr. F. W. Jackson (26) and Mr. W. H. Bartlett (20) are both well represented by two evening scenes on the river bank. Amongst the other exhibitors are Mr. John S. Sargent, Mr. Melton Fisher, Mr. Jacob Hood, Mr. H. La Thanqua, and Mr. T. F. Goodall, whose "Last Load" (46), a boat heavily laden with yellow sedges drifting down with the stream, is one of the cleverest and most uniformly well painted pictures in the room. Altogether, the experiment is a most interesting one, and may, if persevered in, prove a valuable addition to our spring exhibitions of pictures.

At the Continental Gallery (157, New Bond-street) the pictures brought together are almost, if not altogether, exclusively the works of foreign artists. Few English people, probably, will take much interest in the atrociously bitter attack on M. Jules Ferry conveyed in M. René Vauquelin's "Bourreau et Victimes," and the same artist's "Chatte et Lion," a young lady extended on a lion's-skin coverlet, is without much grace or delicacy of colouring. The best works in the gallery are the clever Norwegian landscapes of A. Normann, of which there are two or three excellent specimens. All are painted with almost photographic realism and with sharp outlines, but the sense of distance the artist is able to convey without spoiling the general effect of the picture is very striking. In another school, Hans Dahl is a clever artist, who is well represented; and Professor Piltz's "Sewing School" is one of the prettiest groups in the exhibition.

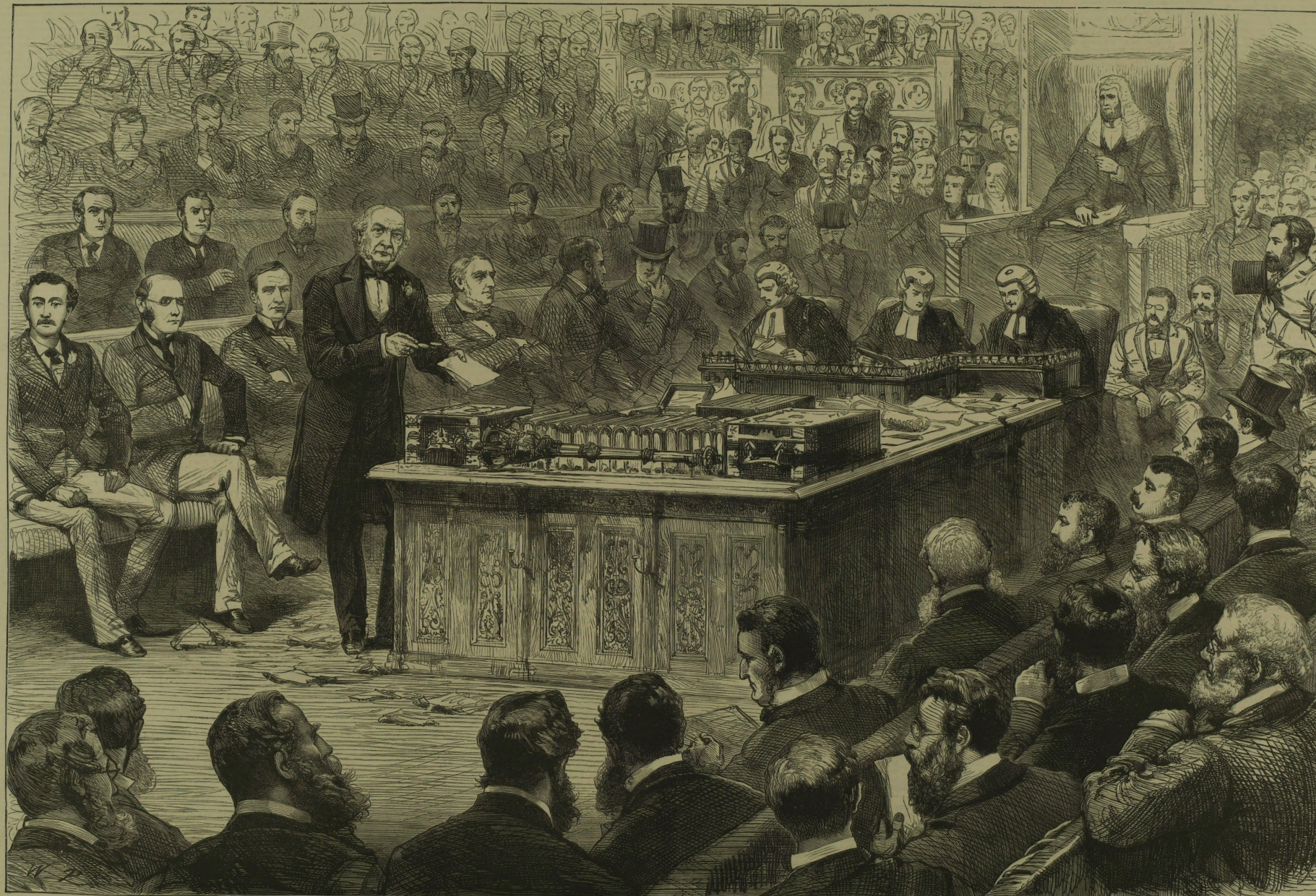
The Palladiuse Gallery (62, New Bond-street), of which we mentioned the opening some months ago, shows by its spring exhibition that the manager does not intend to be left behind in the race for popular favour. The specimens of Sir E. Landseer's, Linnell's, and Andsell's work are not altogether new, but they are but little known to the majority of the present generation, and will repay a visit. Of more interest is the admirable collection of miniatures by Eugène Guillaume, who stands almost alone as the upholder of a charming art which seems on the road to extinction. Fraikin, the Belgian sculptor, is not sufficiently well known beyond his own country as he deserves to be; and the busts here exhibited display considerable vigour. Not the least interesting part of this exhibition is a collection of reproductions of Eugène Verboekhoven's cattle pieces. Of the etchings by Mr. and Miss Campotosto, we prefer the lady's work, as showing a lighter touch; the former leans too heavily on his needle, and the result is an excess of black lines, which mar the landscape.

The Marquis of Ripon opened the sixth free loan exhibition of pictures at Whitechapel, organised by the Rev. S. A. Barnett and his friends, on Tuesday, in some new rooms built specially for the purpose. The five preceding exhibitions, held at the corresponding periods of the years 1881-5, have been attended with increasing success, and have abundantly proved that pictures by the best artists meet with earnest appreciation from the dwellers in the East-End. The 350 pictures which will be hung this year include representative works by nearly all the leading English artists; many of them lending the pictures in question themselves. In addition to the works of living artists, the committee will this year be able, owing to the larger space in the new building, to exhibit an interesting collection by deceased British masters.

The *Lancet* understands that Mr. Savory, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, has been offered a knighthood, an honour which he has declined to accept.

The preamble of the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company's Bill, to give power for raising £250,000 of new capital, has been passed by a Parliamentary Committee, who, however, reserve their decision as to the terms on which the capital is to be issued.

The annual conference of the National Union of Elementary Teachers will be held at Bradford during Easter week, when delegates from all parts will attend. Besides the usual business, and special papers to be read and discussed, several questions of great importance are to be considered.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THURSDAY, APRIL 8: THE DEBATE ON THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

"I am now ready to present what I may call an Irish Budget, imagining myself in the position of an Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer."

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, April 13.

After the strike at Decazeville, the struggle of labour against capital, we have the drama of Châteauevillain, the war of the Republic against religion. In a little town, lost in the mountains of Isère, is a silk-mill, belonging to MM. Giraud, of Lyons, where some three hundred women are employed. The mill is a mixture of a feudal convent and a phalanstère. A chapel is attached to it, and mass was celebrated therein three times a week; for the MM. Giraud are fervent Catholics, and the mountaineer work-girls are fanatically religious. Evidently, at Châteauevillain, the manners and ideas of the majority are those of the Middle Ages; and so for some years there has been hostility between the Caré and the Republican Municipal Council. Well, this chapel of the phalanstère was not authorised according to the law; during the past forty years, religious services have been celebrated there in virtue of a long-standing toleration. The prefectural authority recently warned MM. Giraud that they must conform to the law—which, by-the-way, is a police law dating from Napoleon I. No notice was taken of this warning; and so, last Friday, the sub-prefect, the garde champêtre, four gendarmes, and a locksmith went to put seals on the doors of the chapel. The phalanstère was barricaded when they arrived; the women fought wildly for their chapel; revolvers were discharged; the manager of the mill had his jaw broken; a gendarme was wounded; one girl was shot dead, another was shot through the leg, and others were slightly wounded. The affair, which began ridiculously, ended tragically. Some reactionary journals try to make capital out of this incident; but, in reality, all parties concerned were in the wrong. Religion and liberty of conscience are out of the question; all the evil comes from envenomed village politics—fanaticism on the one hand and narrow administrative obstinacy on the other. All this reopens the great question of the separation of Church and State. How will it be decided? Evidently French national good sense and love of tranquillity do not approve the curés who excite their flocks to riot, the deputies who encourage strikes, and the journalists who applaud disorder.

The curious Villemomble affair has been occupying the attention of the amateurs of criminal psychology during the past week. The verdict found Euphrasie Mercier guilty of having assassinated Elodie Ménétré, her mistress, and of having committed forgery and theft. Extenuating circumstances were granted, and the culprit was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment, hard labour being prohibited for culprits over sixty years of age, under which category this strange Euphrasie Mercier must be placed. Why extenuating circumstances? There was no doubt about the crime; Euphrasie Mercier really killed Mlle. Ménétré with premeditation, and in order to get possession of her goods. Furthermore, she tried to hide her crime by burning the body. The jury were agreed on these points, but they were at variance on the question of the responsibility of the criminal. Some thought her mad; others thought her sane, but fanatical in religious matters. The result was a compromise, and a verdict of semi-culpability, declaring Euphrasie Mercier to be not mad enough to be acquitted and sent to a lunatic asylum, and not responsible enough to be guillotined. This verdict is in harmony with modern scientific notions, which admit partial madness, and consequently degrees of responsibility. Euphrasie Mercier's madness took the form of religious exaltation.

But what is becoming of the distinctions between good and evil, virtue and vice, in all these questions of responsibility? Let us pass now from the law court to the Comédie Française: what do we find in M. Octave Feuillet's new play "Chamillac"? An officer who has lost on parole 15,000f. In order to pay his debt he steals the sum out of the rooms of his Colonel. The Colonel finds him out, and grants him the privilege of getting killed in battle against the Arabs. He fails to die of his countless wounds; inherits a large fortune, devotes the rest of his life to protecting discharged criminals, and twelve years after the theft he marries, in the fifth act of the piece, the beautiful lady whom he loves, and who happens to be no other than the daughter of his former Colonel. M. Feuillet's play is full of obscurities and oddities, and far from satisfactory from the dramatic point of view. But what kind of morality is this? Chamillac, when once his wounds are healed, does not suffer on account of his theft: the crime is a secret between himself and his Colonel; and until his marriage he lives rich, courted, a man of fashion, with a piquant reputation of original philanthropy. And then, at the end of the play, we are told that Chamillac's expiation has been sufficient. Where is the expiation?

M. Pasteur, says a French wit, is avenging the retreat from Moscow: every Russian whom he touches with his Pravaz syringe dies at once. The real fact is, that out of nineteen Russians bitten by wolves, who have been treated lately, three have died. At the Academy of Sciences yesterday, M. Pasteur stated that up to the present, April 12, he had inoculated 726 persons, distributed as follows amongst the different nationalities:—France, 505; Algeria, 40; Russia, 65; England, 25; Italy, 24; Austria, 13; Belgium, 10; United States, 9; Finland, 6; Germany, 5; Portugal, 5; Spain, 4; Greece, 3; Switzerland and Brazil, each 1. 688 persons were bitten by dogs, and 38 by wolves. From an examination of statistics, M. Pasteur concluded that his discovery was by no means impaired by the deaths that had happened. In the case of bites by wolves, the period of the incubation of the rabies is shorter than in the case of bites by dogs, and the mortality greater, because the wolf is more ferocious, and bites the face and the nervous centres. The virus, he concluded, was equally potent in the dog and in the wolf, but the bites of the latter are more violent, and, therefore, the treatment must be more severe. M. Pasteur has prepared a more powerful inoculation for wolf bites, and remains confident in the efficacy of his system.

T. C.

The Dutch Cabinet has resigned, after withdrawing its proposals for the revision of the Constitution.

The English Church in Lisbon, situated near the English cemetery, has been destroyed by fire.

Prince and Princess William of Germany had a narrow escape on the 8th inst. They had paid a visit to Count Waldersee, and as they were driving away the coachman's whip got entangled in a heavy "crown" of gas-burners over the entrance hall, which fell immediately after the carriage drove away.—In the Prussian Lower Chamber on the 7th inst. the Polish Land Purchase Bill, or Bill for Germanising the Polish provinces of Prussia, was finally passed, on the third reading, by 214 to 120 votes.—The Reichstag has voted the third reading of the Bill for the insurance of forest workmen against accidents. Prince Bismarck on Monday took part in the debate in the Prussian Diet upon the Ecclesiastical Bill, which aims at settling the relations between Church and State, and explained that the time had come to "abolish the fighting laws," the Emperor desiring to establish religious peace. In the Upper House the Ecclesiastical Bill was agreed to,

several amendments being adopted. During the debate Prince Bismarck referred to the earnest endeavours of the Pope for the re-establishment of peace between the Church and the State.—Another fatal duel took place last week at Kiel between a naval doctor and a Lieutenant of the Pioneers, the latter being shot dead.—The death of the German poet Joseph Victor Scheffel is announced from Karlsruhe.

The Emperor of Austria returned to Vienna on Sunday evening from his visit to his daughter, Princess Gisella, at Munich. The Crown Prince concluded his visit to Mostar, in Bosnia, on Saturday last. His Imperial Highness visited all the public institutions of the town, including the hospital, and made himself very popular.—The Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath on Tuesday adopted the Budget, and subsequently passed the second reading of the Financial Bill without modification.

After a debate lasting seven days, the Greek Chamber last Saturday passed a Vote of Confidence in the Government by 129 votes against 83, four voting papers being left blank.

Prince Alexander has telegraphed to the Grand Vizier, announcing that he yields to the will of Europe in the matter of the amended convention. The state of siege in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia has been abolished by his decree.

The first stone in the erection of the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge across the St. Lawrence river at Lachine, Montreal, was laid on March 18. Thus was inaugurated, without any formality, what will be hereafter a memorable work in extending the traffic of the Dominion and shortening the route from the Pacific to the Atlantic.—According to a return presented to the Canadian Parliament, there were on June 30, 1885, 66,682 depositors in the Post Office Savings Banks of the country, having balances of 13,179,989 dols. at their credit.

Lord Dufferin, on the 11th inst., opened the Muir College at Allahabad, and subsequently unveiled the statue of Sir William Muir.

The New South Wales Budget for the ensuing financial year provides for fresh taxation in the shape of a land tax of one halfpenny in the pound, an income tax of fourpence in the pound, and increased customs and stamp duties.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, left Windsor last Saturday for Osborne, where the Court is expected to remain during Easter. The Queen attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise of Battenberg; and her Majesty went out on Monday morning with the Princesses. Her Majesty went out on Tuesday morning, attended by the Hon. Horatia Stopford. Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived at Osborne. Prince Louis of Battenberg has left Osborne for the purpose of attending the course of torpedo instruction on board H.M.S. Vernon. The Queen continues to receive the most satisfactory accounts of the Duchess of Connaught. It has been officially announced by the Mayor of Liverpool that the Queen, on her visit to Liverpool on the 11th proximo, will be accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg. Her Majesty will remain in Liverpool for the night, and return to London on the following day.

The Queen will hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, May 5, at three o'clock.

The Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Monday, May 3, at two o'clock.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service on Sunday. Dr. Franz Liszt had the honour of dining with the Prince and Princess, at Marlborough House, in the evening. The Prince and Princess, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, left Marlborough House on Monday afternoon for St. Pancras, whence they travelled by special train for Sandringham. They will remain there some weeks. Prince Albert Victor, attended by Captain the Hon. A. Greville, left Marlborough House on Monday for Aldershot.

It is proposed that when Prince Albert Victor visits Edinburgh on May 6, to open the Exhibition, he shall be presented with the freedom of the City. The Prince will be the guest of the Marquis of Lothian at Newbottle, where he will arrive on May 5.

The majority of the Duke of Newcastle will be celebrated, with much magnificence, at Clumber, on April 28, 29, and 30.

The Queen has appointed Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., to be her Majesty's Attorney-General of the County Palatine of Durham, in the room of Mr. John Bridge Aspinall, deceased.

Sir John Walsham, the new British Ambassador to China, left London on Sunday for Peking to assume his new duties. He is the bearer of cordial letters from the Queen to the Emperor of China.

The Hon. Violet Cochrane-Baillie opened the Mansfield Institute for Girls, Kentish Town, last Saturday. The object of the institute is to provide recreation and opportunities for social improvement for the working girls of North St. Pancras.

A new sanatorium for infectious diseases, erected at Alcester by public subscription as a memorial to the late Marquis of Hertford, was publicly opened last Saturday afternoon by the Marchioness of Hertford.

It has been announced in the *Gazette* that the Queen has been pleased, in pursuance of the Secretary for Scotland Act, 1885, to appoint the Earl of Dalhousie, K.T., Secretary for Scotland, to be Vice-President of the Scotch Education Department.

The Archbishop of Canterbury attended a confirmation service at St. John's Church, Croydon, last Saturday afternoon. There were about 400 candidates for confirmation.—The Bishop of Oxford held a confirmation service at Eton College last Saturday, when 163 students were confirmed.

Captain Warren, of Quorn Hall, has been appointed to the Mastership of the Quorn Hunt.—Mr. Elliott Lees, of Wimborne, succeeds Mr. F. Radclyffe in the Mastership of the South Dorset Hunt. Mr. Elliott Lees has offered to hunt the county at his own expense.—Mr. Carnegie has expressed his readiness to continue the Mastership of the Essex Union Hunt for the season 1886-7.

A funeral service was held in Westminster Abbey on the 9th inst. over the body of the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster. By the Queen's commands, a wreath of flowers was placed upon the coffin. After the service the body was conveyed to the Great Northern Railway station for removal to Burley-in-Wharfedale, where the interment took place according to the rite in use among the Society of Friends. The coffin, on arriving at Burley, was covered with wreaths, and the procession was about a mile in length. Mr. J. B. Braithwaite, of London, a member of the Society of Friends, delivered an address beside the grave, this forming the only service. About 15,000 persons were present, and all the local public societies were represented.

OBITUARY.

THE DOWAGER LADY SANDYS.

Louisa, Dowager Baroness Sandys, died on the 6th inst., at 2, Chesham-place. Her Ladyship was youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph Blake; was married, April 12, 1837, to Arthur Marcus Cecil, third Lord Sandys, and was left a widow April 10, 1863. Her eldest son is the present Lord Sandys.

SIR W. G. JOHNSON.

Sir William Gillilan Johnson, J.P. and D.L., Barrister-at-Law, A.M., at one time M.P. for Belfast, died on the 9th inst. He was born in 1808, the youngest son of Mr. William Johnson, of Fortfield, county Antrim; was educated at Trinity College, Dublin (where he graduated with honours in 1830), and was called to the Bar in 1838. In 1849 he was elected Mayor of Belfast, and, on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Ireland in that year, received knighthood. In 1841 he had been returned M.P. for Belfast, but was unseated on petition. He married, in 1849, Jane, daughter of Mr. Thomas Hughes, of Fisherwick, county Antrim.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GREER.

Lieutenant-General Henry Harpur Greer, C.B., of the Grange, Moy, in the county of Tyrone, J.P., and D.L., died on the 27th ult., aged sixty-four. He was elder son of the late Major Joseph Greer, of the Grange, J.P. and D.L., and derived descent from an ancient family, stated to have been of the same stock as the clan MacGregor. He entered the Army in 1841, and served in the New Zealand War of 1864 to 1866, commanding the 68th Light Infantry at the attack on the Gate Pah, and the Tauranga Field Force at the engagement of Te Ranga. He was honorably mentioned in despatches, and received the decoration of C.B. General Greer married, Feb. 14, 1850, Agnes Isabella, daughter of the Venerable Edmond D. Knox, Archdeacon of Killaloe, and leaves issue; his son, Joseph Henry, is Captain in the Highland Light Infantry.

MR. SOLLY, F.R.S.

Mr. Edward Solly, F.R.S., F.S.A., died on the 2nd inst., at Camden House, Sutton, Surrey, in his sixty-seventh year. He was born in London, and educated at Berlin; and gained distinction in chemistry, his studies being devoted specially to chemistry in its application to agriculture and technology. In 1838 he became chemist to the Royal Asiatic Society; in 1841, Lecturer at the Royal Institution; in 1843, Fellow of the Royal Society; in 1845, Professor of Chemistry at Addiscombe. He was author of "Rural Chemistry," "Syllabus of Chemistry," &c.

MR. ARCHIBALD DAVIDSON.

Mr. Archibald Davidson, Sheriff of the Lothians, whose death is announced, was born in 1805, the second son of the Rev. Thomas Davidson, D.D., of Muirhouse, Midlothian, by Elizabeth, his second wife, daughter of Archibald Cockburn, of Cockpen, Baron of the Exchequer. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and in the Universities of Glasgow and St. Andrews. In 1827 he was called to the Bar; in 1846 he became Senior Advocate Deputy, in 1847 was appointed Sheriff of Kincardine, in 1848 Sheriff of Aberdeen, and in 1865 Sheriff of Midlothian. He acted as one of the literary executors of his uncle, Lord Cockburn, and arranged for publication that Judge's "Memorials."

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Richard Edmonds, the antiquary, author of "The Land's End District," recently, in his eighty-fifth year.

Mr. Thomas William Waldey, of Eggescliffe, in the county of Durham, J.P. and D.L., on the 8th inst., in his eighty-fifth year.

Mr. Edward Herbert Wood, of the Isle of Raasay, North Britain, and of Newbold Revel, in the county of Warwick, J.P. and D.L., on the 7th inst., aged forty.

Mr. James Yeaman, of Craigie Cliff, Forfarshire, shipowner, of Dundee, Provost 1869 to 1872, and M.P. from 1873 to 1880, at his residence in that borough, aged seventy.

Nelson Matcham, LL.D., barrister-at-law, third son of the late George Matcham, of Ashfold Lodge, Sussex, and nephew of the great Lord Nelson, on the 1st inst., aged seventy-five.

Ann Elizabeth, wife of Sir Charles William Strickland, Bart., of Boynton, and youngest daughter of the Rev. Christopher Nevile, of Thorney, Notts, on the 7th inst.

The Hon. John Henry Roper-Curzon, fourth son of Henry Francis, fourteenth Lord Teynham, by Bridget, his wife, daughter and coheir of Mr. Thomas Hawkins, of Nash Court, on the 2nd inst., at St. Clare, Malvern, aged eighty-four.

The Rev. Francis Chenevix Trench, late Rector of Islip, Oxfordshire, elder brother of Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, son of Mr. Richard Trench, by Melesina Chenevix, his wife, and nephew of the first Lord Ashtown, on the 3rd inst., aged seventy-nine.

General John Turner, C.B., Colonel-Commandant Royal Artillery, at Farnham, Surrey, on the 9th inst. He entered the Army in 1839, and served in the Eastern campaign of 1854-5, receiving the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel for distinguished service at the battle of Alma.

Lady Elizabeth Margaret Thackeray, aged eighty-nine years, at her residence, 92, Belgrave-road, Piccadilly, on the 14th inst. Her Ladyship, who was the daughter of the seventh Earl of Northesk, married, in 1825, General F. Rennell Thackeray, C.B., who died in 1860.

Mr. R. H. V. Walpole, Deputy-Lieutenant, Lord of the Manor of Freethorpe, Norfolk, on the 16th ult., at his residence, Suffolk Hall, Cheltenham, aged eighty-five. He was the son of the Rev. Ashton Wade, Chaplain to George IV. when Prince of Wales, by Mary Rachel, his wife, daughter and coheir of the Hon. Richard Walpole, M.P., nephew of Sir Robert Walpole, K.G., Earl of Orford, the celebrated Prime Minister. He married, 1834, Harriet, daughter of Thomas Duncombe, Esq., and niece of Charles, Lord Feversham.

The Registrar-General reported that 2700 births and 1582 deaths were registered in London last week, the births being 185 and the deaths 325 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The Earl of Shaftesbury committed suicide on Tuesday by shooting himself while being driven in a cab in Regent-street. He was fifty-four years of age, and succeeded to the peerage last year, on the death of his father, the distinguished philanthropist and statesman.

In addition to other recent arrangements by the authorities of the General Post Office for the improved convenience of the public in London, we may notice the new facilities of posting late letters, on Saturday night after nine o'clock, or any hour throughout Sunday, before the Sunday night mail-trains for the country start from the main railway stations, Euston, King's-cross, St. Pancras, Charing-cross, Waterloo, Paddington, or Liverpool-street. The letters, with an extra halfpenny stamp as "late fee," may be put into a box kept at each railway terminus, at any time on Sunday up to the starting of the mail-train, which is about half-past eight in the evening, and will be delivered in the country on Monday morning.

POETRY.

Smooth, rhythmical measures, carefully regulated cadence, tastefully-chosen metres, generally graceful diction, and almost a surfeit of tinkling rhymes, are the most marked characteristics of the elegant verse contained in *Firdausi in Exile, and Other Poems*: by Edmund Gosse (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), an exquisitely printed little volume, as pleasant to the eye as good to read. The author neither soars very high nor plunges very deep; his creative faculty is less remarkable than his descriptive; he lays on colour with considerable skill; he belongs rather to the poets among whom the writer of the "Epic of Hades" holds a prominent place, and whose chief power lies in the musical development of known and even common themes, with fanciful and contemplative accompaniments, than to the comparatively small band of singers who either owe nothing to suggestion, or, by their treatment, invest the suggestion with a sort of regenerative originality. In any case, the writer strikes his lyre with the hand of one who well understands his instrument; and his numbers are generally as grateful to the senses as the murmur of brook or the hum of bee. Occasionally, too, there is a burst of spirit, a flash of fire; and the reader's drowsy content is exchanged for lively attention. In the titular poem, the writer, after his academic kind, makes great capital out of geographical sites and names, which lend themselves readily to the requirements of picturesque; but to some readers the whole piece will have a somewhat ludicrous aspect, due to the commercial, the pettifogging hue with which it is "shot," and which irresistibly calls to mind the modern disputes between poets and their publishers about the "profits," about the price which the former were to receive from the latter. No doubt, it is true to history, or, at any rate, to tradition, that the great Persian poet was cheated by the great Shah, who offered silver instead of the gold agreed upon, "enneaboea" instead of "hecatombae"; and that the poet avenged himself by sending the Shah a scathing satire, which caused the conqueror of the world to faint with rage; but the muses can hardly have been pleased to know that it "twas not for silver," nor yet for fame, or for sheer utterance of divine inspiration, but for so much fine gold, that the old bard "toiled amain" and wove his verse "for thirty years and three." Rank simony is a trifle in comparison with such sale of god-like gifts. And yet the representation, if not heroic or poetic, is probably in accordance with the verities; for we have lived to see poets haggling for "so much a line" (from half-a-crown upwards or downwards), and a "blameless bard" arrayed in the robes and accepting the title of a common Lord. Fancy Demodocus disputing about "work and labour done"; fancy Homer exchanging his crown of laurel for a coronet of gold! You may say that he would keep them both; but the contiguity would surely be fatal to each, for lack of harmony between them.

A torrent-like, unmanageable metre, combined with a few grammatical obstacles, interferes with the comfortable perusal, if not with the perfect comprehension, of *A Heart's Obsession*: by Robert Steggall (Elliot Stock), to which titular effusion are added a great many "other poems." Whose heart is "obsessed," and what is the exact meaning which the writer attaches to "obsession" may be open to doubt; but in all likelihood the word is used in the sense in which the French (and perhaps the English) employ it to signify the condition of a person assailed but not yet completely possessed of an evil spirit. At all events the poem is the wild, but not altogether despairing, outburst of a poor wife, who certainly has some cause for extravagant grief, and who may well be excused if she sometimes seems to have lost command of the metre in which, for the most part, she conducts her jeremiad. She has a husband, who loves her as she loves him, which is devotedly; but he is suddenly summoned to the wars, and, when he returns, he behaves in such a manner that she is forced to the unpleasant conviction of having not only lost his former love, but become an object of detestation to him. Naturally, she supposes that he must have become "obsessed," but she lives in hope that he will not become completely "possessed." It does not appear (whatever the acute reader may be pleased to imagine) that he has met "somebody else" during his absence on military service; and so we may join the broken-hearted wife in hoping that the usual effect of absence (which is said to "make the heart grow fonder") will at last assert itself, that the separation to which they mutually consent will be but short, and that he will come back to her in due time—clothed and in his right mind. The poem and the "other poems" also testify that the writer of them possesses many of the qualities which are looked for in a poet, especially the love of love, the

hate of hate, and the scorn of scorn attributed to that double-barrelled species. Add to these gifts an extraordinary power of strong language, a very noticeable command of invective; and it will be strange if the volume should not produce a vivid impression, which will be intensified by a certain masterful usage of versification. "Purulent ulcers of a State morbose," and "Call for heaven's damnation and hell-fire to blast and burn," will serve as specimens of the forcible style; but there is softness withal, and sweetness, too, upon occasion.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

A concert, followed by a ball, was given on Monday at Baker-street Great Hall, in aid of the Haydn Musical Society.

A gentleman has anonymously given £10,000 with which to buy a football field for Harrow School, as a memorial of Dr. Butler, late Head Master.

A theatrical performance was given in aid of some Kensington charities at Long's Assembly Rooms, South Kensington, on Thursday.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Felice Stangher, master of the Austro-Hungarian barque Robert, of Fuime, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the British ship Ashgrove, of Port Glasgow, on Dec. 20, 1885.

The Duke of Connaught, president of the London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, took the chair, on the 8th inst., at the thirty-seventh anniversary festival of the institution, which was held in Willis's Rooms, where a numerous company attended. The Duke made a strong appeal for the needs of the charity, and contributions were announced amounting to £2340, of which £883 was from working men's societies.

The last entertainment of the nineteenth season, at the Brompton Hospital, was given, last Tuesday evening, by Mr. John Elwin, an old and valued friend of the institution, and comprised excellent singing, by Mrs. Coles, Miss Mand Pawle, Mr. George Pottinger, Mr. Nash; buffo songs, by Mr. Lacey Stocken and Mr. D. Fleet; brilliant pianoforte playing, by Miss Pawle; and violin solos, splendidly given, by Mr. Pawle. Mrs. Elwin was a charming accompanist.

The thirty-ninth annual festival dinner of the friends of the Earlswood Asylum was held on the 8th inst., at the Albion Tavern—Sir Trevor Lawrence, M.P., presiding. The chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Earlswood Asylum," said that there are at present 580 inmates, for the maintenance of whom £12,000 a year must be raised. In 1885 the income fell off £2630; but he ventured to hope that, in spite of the depression of trade, the efficiency of such an institution would secure the support of the public. Subscriptions were announced amounting to £915.

Mr. Lawson, M.P., will preside at the 128th anniversary festival of the Orphan Working School, at Willis's Rooms, on May 18; Mr. H. B. Marshall has consented to preside at the festival of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, to be held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Tuesday, May 25; Princess Christian has consented to open the bazaar to be held in aid of the funds of the new Great Northern Central Hospital, on May 31; and the eighty-eighth anniversary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys will be held on June 30, when Lord Suffield, Provincial Grand Master of Norfolk, will preside.

The arrangements of the various missionary, religious, and tract societies in regard to the "May" meetings have been all but completed. Several of these annual gatherings, though placed in the category of "May" reunions, will come off in the course of next week and the remaining portion of the current month. As usual, the greater number of the assemblages will be held in Exeter Hall.

The scholarships at Girton College in connection with the March entrance examination have been awarded as under:—Sir Francis Goldsmid's Foundation Scholarship, £45 yearly, Miss Mary Hay, North London Collegiate School; a college scholarship, forty guineas yearly, Miss Alice Everett, Belfast; and one of £30 yearly, Miss Gertrude Mary Butler, Nottingham High School. The scholarships are tenable for three years.

A concert, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales—at which Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Marchioness of Waterford, the Countess of Westmoreland, Lady Randolph Churchill, Viscountess Coke, Lady Grace Fane, the Ladies Legge, Mrs. Tattersall, Miss Wallington, Miss Macdonald, the Earl of Mar, and Lord Bennet will assist—will be given by Madame Cellini, at St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, June 24th. A few seats can be had from the Marchioness of Waterford, 30, Charles-street, St. James's.

FEEDING HUNGRY CHILDREN.

In one of the poorest localities of the East-End, in the angle formed by Boundary-street, Shoreditch, and Church-street, are some of the most squalid and densely-populated lanes and alleys to be found in London. On a Sunday evening in the summer, as one passes down Old Nichol-street, some idea can be gathered of the woful overcrowding that exists. At every doorstep, and stretching far over the pavements, men, women, and children, the dwellers in the wretched houses, sit and lie about there, and one wonders wherever they can all stow themselves away at night, or in the winter time. This poverty-stricken quarter is inhabited largely by costermongers, match-box makers, hawkers of the streets, dock labourers, and the shiftless crowds who could not do a day's hard work, but live from hand to mouth by any odd jobs they can get. Here, fifty years ago, a small missionary station was started by a silk manufacturer, an employer of labour in the neighbouring Spitalfields, Mr. J. Duthoit, who still lives to take an earnest interest in the work. Beginning in a single cottage-room, it grew, until four cottages were thrown into one, and after many vicissitudes and much vigorous effort and generous support from the public, having in its early days been taken up by the congregation of Union Chapel, Islington, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Allon, it can now boast of 120 voluntary teachers and some 1800 children, and it possesses three large school and mission rooms and a school-house in Old Nichol-street and Nichol's-row.

Side by side with these mission premises, the School Board for London have erected, in Nichol's-row, one of their largest schools. This being more than full, the children have overflowed temporarily into the premises of the mission. Between the two agencies there is no rivalry, but the most hearty mutual goodwill. The School Board has its many hundreds, so too has the Mission; but at different times—notably on Sunday evenings. Then it is no uncommon sight to see 1000 to 1200 children in attendance at the Sunday school and children's service, all attending voluntarily, and all eager to come.

One of the evidences of this mutual good feeling, and of the room for a wide diversity of operations, emanating from the same spirit of regard for the poor little ones, may be witnessed, as in the accompanying Sketch. The complaint of over-pressure in school-teaching has been more often truly attributable to the terrible evil of under-feeding. And the knowledge that many a poor little starveling was being sent to school to lay in a stock of wisdom upon an empty stomach—utterly breakfastless—induced the conductors of the Mission to inquire if they could not work with the Board School teachers to remedy this crying evil. To feed the hungry was outside the defined domain of the Board, but it was well within that of the Mission. So plans were organised by which the Board School teachers distribute tickets for free breakfasts to from 100 to 120 of the most needy children attending their schools, and volunteers from Islington and Highbury supply to these a good hearty breakfast of bread and milk, or cocoa and bread and butter, on four mornings of each week, during about four of the coldest months of the winter. This is one of the scenes our Artist has depicted.

But a breakfast, however good, is poor nourishment for a whole day to a hungry child; and besides, no provision is in this way made for the stay-at-homes—whether these be the infants or the destitute adults. So, to the free breakfasts, has been added a soup-kitchen. Twice a week soup is distributed, together with a hunch of bread, for a merely nominal payment. Of the hearty way in which this is appreciated, and the eagerness with which this boon is sought, our Artist's Sketch will enable our readers to judge.

In this truly practical way, the harmonious and friendly working side by side of the Board and the voluntary agencies, enables each to do its own part the better; and one solution of the problem is, in part at least, attained by the plan which the committee of the Nichol-street Ragged Schools have initiated, and which is largely due to the advice of their treasurer, Mr. Henry Spicer, M.P., a member of the London School Board. If any of our readers feel inclined to help this ministering to the necessities of their poorer brethren, any contributions to the free breakfast or the soup-kitchen funds will be most thankfully received and acknowledged.

Lord Londonderry's annual stud sale of Clydesdales and Shetland ponies took place on the 9th inst., at Seaham, and resulted in a total of 2544 guineas.

Mr. George R. Rogerson, an old pupil of Liverpool College, has presented his valuable astronomical observatory to the council. The instruments include an equatorially-mounted refracting telescope, a spectroscope with ten prisms, a time assimilator, a micrometer, and an astronomical library.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in Life.



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PERSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.—One of her Majesty's Consuls writes from Teheran: "It may interest you to know that while riding from Teheran to Meshed not long ago, being one day rather unwell, to my astonishment and delight, the Persian courier who

accompanied me produced a bottle of what he called Numuki meeveh, which was no less, in fact, translated, than ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The man told me that he now never travelled without a bottle.—Yours faithfully, SHEIKH JAM.—December, 1884.—To J. C. Eno, Esq."

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two years and a half from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your Fruit Salt, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good; and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

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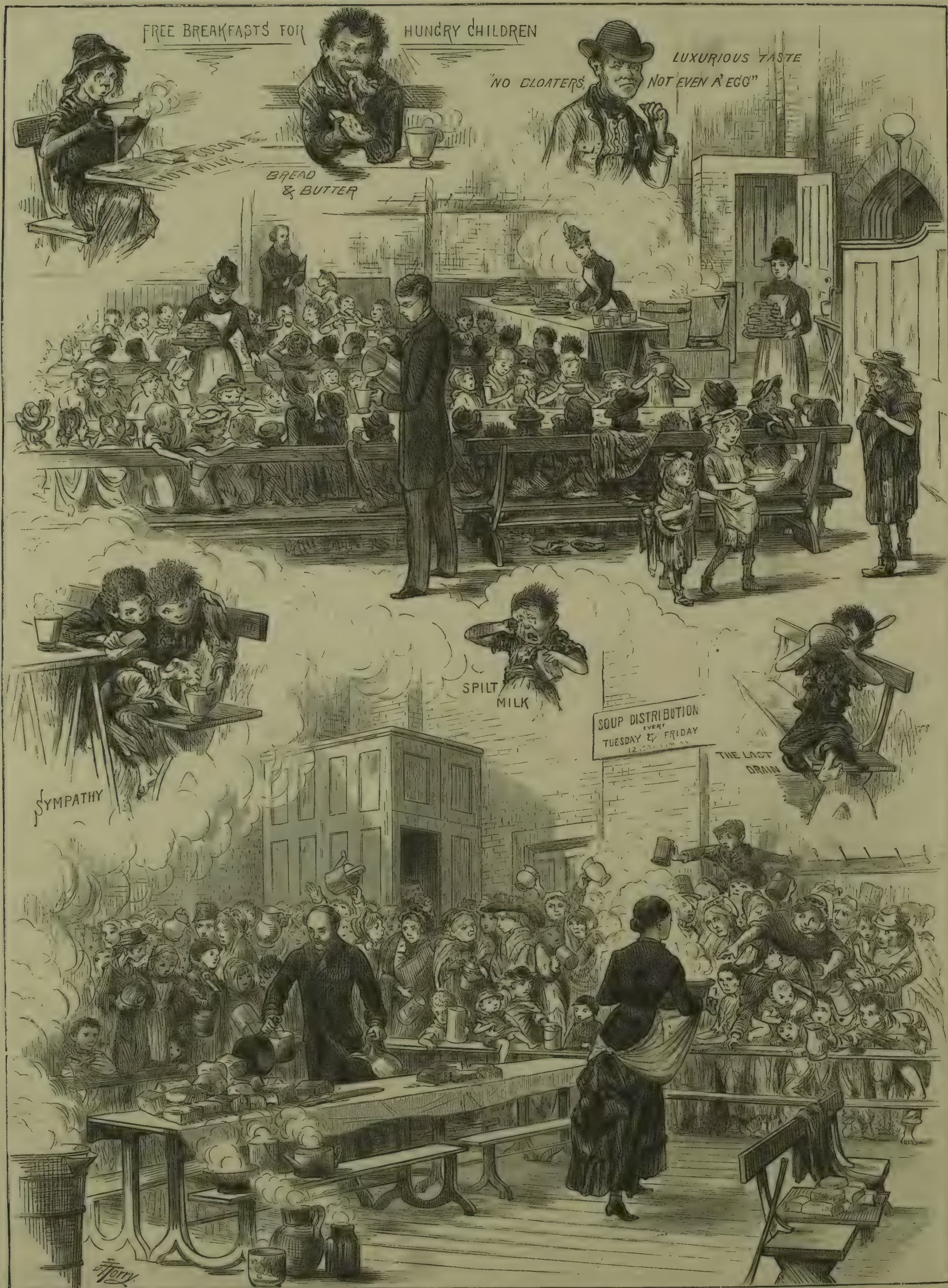
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CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations.

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SKETCHES AT THE NICHOL-STREET RAGGED SCHOOLS, SHOREDITCH: FEEDING THE HUNGRY.



THE WARNING.

BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.



RECONNOITRING.—DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

LIFE OF LONGFELLOW.

If popularity were a test of poetical worth, the fame of Longfellow would rank above that of any recent poet. He is the household poet not of the United States only, but of England and Greater Britain, and he has won the love of thousands of readers by appealing to their affections. *The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence*, edited by Samuel Longfellow, 2 vols. (Kegan Paul), relates the story of a beautiful and blameless career. Never was poet born with a happier disposition, and, if we except his one great domestic sorrow, never had poet a "surer or more peaceful course." He met with all the success in life that he wished for, his ambition was satisfied, the wise and good were his friends, children loved him, and he never had an enemy. Handsome, healthy, in the highest degree accomplished, loving Nature with a poet's love, loving books, rich in the affection of kindred and friends, honoured as much in the old country as in the new—here was a man blessed with more than a common share of this world's goods. And no one can say that he did not deserve all that he received—all the love, at least, if not all the fame. It is impossible to read this biography—much of which consists of Longfellow's own journals—without feeling that he was one of the most amiable of men. Yet it cannot be said he was wanting in strength of fibre and moral courage. At a time when Slavery was a pet institution, and the Government of the States passed the Fugitive Slave law, he denounced it with passionate energy, in verse and prose. In the greatest civil war of modern days he was profoundly interested; but otherwise, to judge from the following entry in the Diary, did not much care for politics:—"Dined with Agassiz, to meet Emerson and others. I was amused and annoyed to see how soon the conversation drifted off into politics. It was not till after dinner, in the library, that we got upon anything really interesting." The life of a man of letters, even when diversified, as in Longfellow's case, with foreign travel, must necessarily be monotonous, so far as mere events are concerned. It is in reading the details that

we find the charm, and details unfortunately need more space than we have at our disposal. In his beautiful house at Cambridge, not far from Boston, the most accomplished men of the day were wont to congregate; there he wrote his poetry, prepared his lectures, dreamt his dreams, and there, when old age had crept on silently, with all his faculties unimpaired, he died. What he did and what he felt, what people thought of him, and what he expressed about them is all carefully set down in these volumes, which, if a little too long, cannot be called dull. Mr. Samuel Longfellow might, indeed, have curtailed his brother's journal to advantage, for it often contains facts useful only to the writer, and of no interest to the public; but, on the whole, we gain from these copious pages an adequate portrait of a delightful man. The love felt for Longfellow, on both sides of the Atlantic, is a bond of union between the two great countries, and England has seldom done a more graceful act than by giving to the American poet a niche in the famous Abbey at Westminster.

Members of the learned societies were entertained at the Mansion House, on Tuesday, by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. Professor Stokes, President of the Royal Society, Dr. John Evans, President of the Society of Antiquaries, and Sir John Lubbock, M.P., President of the Linnæan Society, responded to the toast of the evening, "The Learned Societies."

On the Brighton and South Coast Railway the availability of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, and other parts, will be extended, as usual, over the Easter holidays, and this will also include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. On Thursday, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by a special day service, and also by the ordinary night service. On Good Friday, Easter Sunday, and Monday day excursions will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Leyes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. For the Crystal Palace sacred concert on Good Friday, and the holiday entertainments on Easter Monday, extra trains will be run to and from London.

"RECONNOITRING."

The soldier, in all countries and in all ages, has been apt to be a man of "gallantry," in both senses of the word. "Viri puellis nuper idoneus," he will say of himself, "et militavi non sine gloria." This was the tone of professional life in the reign of any King George of the Hanoverian period, as it might be, in some individual instances, even under Queen Victoria. A contemporary portraiture of the manners and ideas of that class will be remembered by the conclusive couplet—

To give a young gentleman right education,
The Army's the only good school in the Nation.

Some of us, in these times, and perhaps a few quietly disposed persons of sober, decorous, and regular habits, punctual tradesmen and careful fathers of families, would demur to this opinion. The self-complacency, however, of the smart Hussar officer, who swears that the world is "made of fighting and of love," and means to get his full share of both, will not easily be disturbed. His country quarters are within an easy ride of the park wall belonging to a gentleman whose pretty daughter, scarcely emerging from childhood, is captivated by his brave uniform and dashing behaviour. So here they are, with the wall between them, like Pyramus and Thisbe, but no chink is needful to admit mutual converse. Sitting on the horse, while she stands on the higher ground inside the inclosure, he raises his face nearly to the level of hers. As yet, he is only "reconnoitring," to ascertain the inclinations of a girlish heart. If the symptoms are propitious, let us hope he will prove a man of honour, and will not delay to ask her father's consent.

Last month the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at and near Billingsgate, and on boats lying off that place, 42 tons 3 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. Of this, 30 tons 13 cwt. was wet fish, and 11½ tons shell fish; 7 tons came by land, and 35 tons by water. Among the fish seized were cockles, cod, escallops, haddocks, halibut, foreign herrings (24 tons), mussels (7 tons), oysters, periwinkles, plaice, roach, salmon, shrimps, skate, soles, sprats, whitebait, and whiting.

NOTICE.—NEW STORY.
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for MAY contains the commencement of a New Serial Story entitled "JESS," by H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," &c.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

On April 22 (Sixpence), New Series, No. 35,
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CONTENTS.
JESS. By H. Rider Haggard, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," &c. Chap. I.—John has an Adventure. Chap. II.—How the Sisters came to Moorfontaine. Chap. III.—Mr. Frank Muller.
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Words by Charles Rowe.
Music by LOUIS DIEHL.

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Good morning, how d'ye do?
'Tis very kind, Sir! that you've a mind, Sir!
To come so far to woo!
But then, you see, Sir! 'tis plain to me, Sir!
Pray don't say I'm too bold,
If I explain, Sir! don't come again, Sir!
For really you're too old.
Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay,"
Hearts can't be forced at will;
Never despair, there are plenty to spare,
For every Jack there's a Jill.

Good day, Sir! how are you, Sir?
Another come to woo.
I should much grieve, Sir! you to deceive, Sir!
But really you won't do!
You're middle age, Sir! and I'll engage, Sir!
You always want your way,
I can't agree, Sir! to wed with thee, Sir!
So fare you well, Good day!
Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay," &c.

Good day, Sir! what did you say, Sir?
I sigh, dear heart for you.
You sigh for me, Sir! will I agree, Sir!
To heed your passion true?
'Tis sweetly sung, Sir! I am but young, Sir!
But since you press me so,—
Though I should try, Sir! you to deny, Sir!
I find I can't say No.
Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay," &c.

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THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Words by G. Clifton Bingham.
Music by A. H. BEHREND.

They tell me, dear, you are going
Far from the old country;
Into a wonderful new world,
A world across the sea;
But we in the old world homestead
Have lived the years away;
We could not begin again, dear,
So 'tis better for us to stay!

You will have yours beside you,
We shall be lonely here,
It has never seemed like the old place
Since you were married, dear;
But so long as you are happy,
So long as your life is bright,
I can say, whatever happens,
It will sure, in the end, be right!

And you'll think sometimes of old friends
In your new home o'er the sea;
While in every prayer we say, dear,
A thought of you will be.
For toil, and trouble, and parting,
Are the lot of our lives at best;
Heaven's the only world, dear,
Where there's a perfect rest!

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THE LITTLE KING.

Words by Lindsay Lennox.
Music by ODOARDO BARRI.

The air is sweet with breath of flowers,
The hedgerows white with hawthorn spray
And merry through the golden hours,
The children join in happy play.
To one bright laddie, two years old,
They garlands gay of blossoms bring,
And twine them 'mid his curls of gold,
And crown him as their little king.

Not only are his subjects found
Among the children free and gay,
By charms of love our hearts are bound,
We own the little despot's sway;
And when the children's play is done,
We robe the king in garments white;
Right glad are we the little one
Is ruler of our hearts to-night.

To-day the children's song is sad,
They seek a little playmate lost,
In vain, for now the bonnie lad,
Life's troubled sea has safely cross'd,
And though we view an empty throne,
We know, afar in Heaven now,
A mightier monarch he has grown:
The deathless lilies deck his brow.

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NEW ZEALAND.—Further Conversions of the Public Debt.—The Governor and Company of the Bank of England give notice, that, on behalf the Agents appointed by the Governor of New Zealand in Council, under the New Zealand Consolidated Stock Act, 1877, and Amendment Act, 1881, and the Consolidated Stock Act, 1884 (Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., and Sir Penrose Goodchild, K.C.M.G., C.B.), they are authorised to invite holders of the Debentures of the undermentioned Loans to bring in their DEBENTURES for CONVERSION on the following terms:—

FIVE PER CENTS OF THE LOAN OF 1863, REDEEMABLE 1914.
For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan surrendered with the coupon for the half-year's interest due July 15 next attached, a new Debenture for the same amount, bearing interest payable half-yearly at 5 per cent for six years from Jan. 15, 1886, to Jan. 15, 1892, when it will be converted into £110 of Four per Cent Inscribed Stock; or, at the option of the holder, he may receive £112 10s. of Four per Cent Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2. In the latter case a Scrip Certificate, with coupon attached for the interest from Jan. 15 to April 30 at 5 per cent (payable May 1), will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

FIVE PER CENT TEN-FORTIES OF THE LOANS OF 1876 AND 1877, REDEEMABLE AFTER 1888.
For every £100 in Debentures of these Loans, from which the coupon due March 1 must be detached, £102 of Four per Cent Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

FIVE PER CENTS OF THE LOAN OF 1879, REDEEMABLE 1889.
For every £100 in Debentures of this Loan, from which the coupon due May 1 next must be first detached, £102 of Four per Cent Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from May 1, 1886, and inscribable on or after April 2.

SIX PER CENTS OF THE LOAN OF 1880, REDEEMABLE 1891.
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DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

It is, perhaps, for a thoroughfare of such pretensions, the least cheerful to be found in the metropolis.

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "THE CANON'S WARD," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN THE MARYLEBONE ROAD.

At what date the road called "New" in London may have had a right to bear that title, I have no idea, but it was presumably at an epoch when architecture was not in its most flourishing condition. It is, perhaps, for a thoroughfare of such pretensions, the least cheerful to be found in the metropolis; yet, to have an end is denied to it. At different stages of its melancholy career, it has, indeed, adopted various titles; but the "long, unlovely street" never loses its identity. For the most part, it has no shops; but now and then a deviser of memorials for the dead has turned his strip of garden into a graveyard full of cenotaphs. Those, however, who dwell in that western portion of this locality, termed the Marylebone-road, are uncheered by these mementos; there is nothing to remind them in it that there is any termination to existence. Formerly there was doubtless more life in the street; but all its traffic has been absorbed by the Metropolitan Railway, and is now carried underground. There are gratings through which the astonished stranger suddenly sees columns of steam arise as from a geyser, which makes still denser the atmosphere around. On a wet Sunday, indeed, to one who finds himself, for the first time, in this *Arabia deserta*, it seems amazing to behold so many iron railings and not a single suicide depending from them.

Mankind, however, is mentally very independent of local circumstance, and it is probable that there are as many happy households, in proportion, in murky Newcastle as in that sunlit Isle of Wight which we call, not inappropriately, the garden of England.

Aunt Jane (Mrs. Richter), for whose hospitable roof (for her lodgings were at the top of the house) Miss Elizabeth Dart was bound, dwelt in the Marylebone-road, and never found the locality to affect her spirits; neither did the weather, nor even the east wind. As science now packs its electricity for nightly use, so she kept within her a store of sunshine which was permanent and inexhaustible. The objects on which it shone were few, but that was not her fault; her heart had warmth enough for a world. Even her landlady, Mrs. Birk, who was not of a material which naturally absorbs heat and light of that sort, shared it; so did her own little maid, Annie; so did her cat, Apollinaris. It was so called, not after the famous drinking water, but the Syrian Bishop of that name, whose life and works her late husband had edited with great applause, but unhappily at his own expense. The Rev. Tristram Richter had been a scholar of great erudition, and might probably have proved the excellence of learning when house and land were gone and spent (in publishing) had time permitted, but he had died in the plenitude of his theological honours almost penniless. More fortunate than many of his cloth, however, he had not left his widow with encumbrances, and with the fragment of his fortune and a small annuity which remained

to her, she might have lived comfortably enough in some humble cottage of the Devonshire village of which he had been the Vicar, and which she loved for his sake and for its own, but for the sudden death of her brother, Thomas Dart, a Lieutenant on half-pay; this gentleman left her all he had to leave—his only child, Elizabeth. Under such circumstances some persons would have declined to administer, but Aunt Jane would always have it that no one had ever received a handsomer legacy.

For the education of the girl, in such a manner that she might gain her own living when the annuity should terminate, the widow at once came up to town. No one ever knew what it cost her to leave that grave in the sunny churchyard, and all the memories that hung about it with the creepers and the flowers. It was a sacrifice that sent up no incense save to the All-seeing Eye. If her dear Lizzie had not had a will far stronger than her own, she would have kept her long after she was of an age to keep herself, and never grudged the cost, which, small as it was, her scanty means could ill afford; but the girl's natural hunger for books was whetted by a desire for independence—not that she felt the weight of obligation, laid on her by the hand of love as lightly as a flower, but that she yearned to prove herself not unworthy of the pains bestowed upon her. At an age much earlier than such posts are usually obtained, she became teacher at the ladies' college at which she had been pupil; and, but for the entreaties of the principal, who understood her value, would have gone out as a governess long before she had volunteered her services to Mrs. Melburn. Having once removed the burden of her maintenance from Aunt Jane's shoulders, it was no wonder that Lizzie had regarded her withdrawal from her late position with shrinking reluctance; or that she had hailed with such thankfulness and joy the new career that had so promisingly presented itself; but, as for Aunt Jane herself, the idea that she had got rid of a responsibility never even so much as crossed her mind. That Lizzie was in good spirits about something or other, which she herself did not understand, save that it had some connection with writing for a magazine, was of course a gratifying circumstance; but what delighted her, and filled her mind to the exclusion of all speculation, was the thought that Lizzie was coming back to her much sooner than she could reasonably have been expected, and was even probably to remain at home for good. To say that her four rooms were swept and garnished for her niece's reception, would have been a reflection on Annie's handiwork, by whom they were always kept in a state of cleanliness only seen elsewhere in jails and lighthouses; but certain arrangements were made of an exceptional and triumphal kind. The doorstep of the house, which only so far belonged to her that she had a right to step on it, was washed and scrubbed—an operation which had not taken place within the memory of any inmate of the establishment; half a dozen flowers in pots were purchased of a peripatetic flower-seller and placed in the front windows;

while in Lizzie's own little room there was hung on the white-washed walls, like a tablet, a card with "Welcome Home" upon it, painted by Aunt Jane's own hands. The widow had her gifts, among which was a taste for decoration in colours, which as applied to birthday cards, and even doyleys, she had been wont to think highly of till she had tested its market value: it was the one modest attempt she had made to add to her resources, and, having proved a failure, it now only served to amuse her leisure hours. Accomplishments, no matter what they may cost to acquire, are the most unsaleable of all commodities. Still, Mrs. Richter had good cause to be thankful, having no great turn for books, that, after certain daily duties among the poor in neighbouring Lisson-grove were over, she could sit down before her cottage piano or before her little casel and forget the lonely time. The widow, by nature chatty and cheerful, had found enjoyment in such society as her Devonshire home afforded; but now in all the wide world of London there was no one she could call her friend. She did not repine; it was only as if between her and her fellow-creatures, save her Lizzie only, a door had been softly closed; but she had her moments of wistful recollection.

Mrs. Richter was still, for a widow, young; and if she had lost much of the quiet beauty for which she had once been remarkable, she had acquired other, if less obvious, charms—the impress of a blameless life, and of a mind that occupies itself in thought for others, could be read in her gentle face and tender eyes. She was a little creature—cast, indeed, in almost a fairymould, so that Lizzie used to wonder as a child how so much of goodness could be packed in so small a space; her voice was sweet and musical, and, without being at all distinguished-looking, no one who had eyes to see could doubt that Aunt Jane was a gentlewoman. She had left off her widow's weeds, and her dress was of the simplest, yet she always looked superior to her surroundings. She reminded Lizzie of one of those silver-hued and delicate birds, such as one sees exposed for sale in cramped, rude cages, in low neighbourhoods—captive and out of their element, but full of song.

For half an hour before her niece could reasonably be expected, Aunt Jane was watching for her from the window with eagerness; the vans and waggons aroused illogical expectation, and every passing cab gave her a pang of disappointment. At last, the long-looked-for vehicle stopped at the gate.

"Run, Annie, run!" cried Aunt Jane, "and open the door for Miss Lizzie; she has not seen a black face for so long that Susan's may frighten her."

Susan was one of many Susans who had occupied the post of maid-of-all-work in Mrs. Birk's establishment; she was not, as the widow's words would have seemed to imply, a negress; but constant contact with grimy substances, including blacklead, had almost utterly obliterated her native hue. It was, no doubt, more pleasant to Lizzie to be welcomed by a face she knew.

Mrs. Richter's reception of her was little less than ecstatic. "How lovely you look, my dear!" she murmured between her caresses; "how fresh and how sweet you are: it is as though the summer itself had come to visit me!"

"That is the flowers," returned Lizzie, laughing, and producing from her basket a charming bouquet, which Mrs. Meyrick had insisted on her plucking from the garden at the Look-out. She had also selected some seaweed from the shore that morning, for she knew her aunt's passion for "the smell of the sea." It was impossible to imagine simpler offerings; but we do not estimate the gifts of those we love by their value, and Aunt Jane derived as much pleasure from them as any diamond tiara would have given her.

"How charming it was of you to think of me, darling! What exquisite flowers! Oh dear, oh dear!" (sniffing as though she would sniff her life out), "I seem to be in Devonshire again—and see, here is the seaweed we used to call the barometer. I will hang it up on a nail, and it will tell us what weather is coming as well as anything from Negretti and Zambra."

Then there was a banquet—not of herbs, yet certainly one where love was; wherewith Mrs. Birk had nothing to do, but in which Annie, who was admirable at braising a chicken and making bread sauce, had outdone herself. "I must ask you to carve it, Lizzie, as you always used to do," said the hostess. She would gladly have spared her guest the trouble, but the fact was, her hands were trembling with emotion, and the tears stood in her eyes and interfered with her vision.

"To think that the old days have come again," she murmured softly, when the feast was over; and the words were so freighted with thankfulness that they seemed the natural termination of her simple "Grace."

"They will be even brighter and better days, I hope," said Lizzie.

"I don't know. God is very good to me, as it is, my dear. Tell me all about it."

What she meant was that Lizzie should tell her of her new hopes and expectations. She had already been informed by letter of her niece's reasons for leaving Burrow Hall, and she well understood that was a subject which it would be painful to her to discuss. She knew that the girl had been treated ill—nay, infamously; and her gentle soul had thrilled with indignation upon her account; but she was content to wait till Lizzie chose to speak upon the matter, or to know no more if she chose to be silent. She had not that greediness for painful details which belongs to vulgar natures. Little by little, she did, in fact, hear afterwards all that had happened; the topic was not so painful to the girl as it was abhorrent; but Aunt Jane received it almost without comment; it shocked her general sense of rectitude that such things should be suffered to be done in the world, or that a man like Jefferson Melburn should exist. Even in dispositions the most devout, the idea of misgovernment will suggest itself when Fate illuses without cause those who are near and dear to them.

There was no allusion, now, however, as we have said, to the author of Lizzie's woes: the talk between the two women was confined to the bright side of matters; albeit, even there, though there was no embarrassment of course, the girl found it difficult to give a reason for the faith that was in her that should satisfy the hearer. The calling of literature was connected in Mrs. Richter's mind with anything but success. She associated it with the "Life and Works of Apollinaris," of which she had made a fair copy for the printer with her own hand. The four handsome volumes of which the work had consisted now stood on her bookshelf, bound expressly for her by the author's orders in grateful acknowledgment of her assistance. Under that very roof she had once beheld a page of it from another copy which had envied a half pound of Dorset butter. Its recognition had been one of the most painful events of her existence. If her husband's genius had failed to make its mark, or at all events to make anything else, what hope could there be for Lizzie?

The stress that her niece laid on the fact that the *Millennium* was an organ by no means of a fugitive or ephemeral character gave her anything but encouragement. The object of the publication of the "Life of Apollinaris" had been anything but ephemeral. It had been directed, for its prefix had said so, "against those false principles of Arianism which were as prevalent now as they had ever been"; there had been nothing fugitive about it save the fate of the work itself. She pictured Mr. Felix Argand as a venerable student, elaborating tones of theological controversy which were published (very judiciously) in a periodical form, so that the issue might be arrested at any moment.

She was far too tender-hearted to damp her companion's obvious delight in the prospects of a literary career; but she could not help showing that her own expectations of success were by no means so sanguine. When, in despair of getting her to take more cheerful views, Lizzie tried the same experiment that had been so successful with Mrs. Meyrick, by bringing out from her purse eighteen golden sovereigns, the remainder of Mr. Argand's cheque, and placing them in rouleaux on the table, Aunt Jane did, indeed, exhibit considerable astonishment. She had never seen so much money in specie since, as a child, she had been taken over the Bank of England.

"Do you really mean to tell me," she gasped, "that Mr. Argand gave you that for a description of Casterton?"

"He did, indeed, and, as I have said, has invited me to become a regular contributor."

The idea that crossed the widow's mind was that the gentleman must be mad; that his relatives would probably interfere, and the sovereigns have to be refunded; but this suggestion was obviously too uncomplimentary to Lizzie's talents to be expressed.

As truth could not be entirely sacrificed, she compromised the matter.

"Well, it is only to be hoped, my dear," she said, "that the man is made of money."

Lizzie laughed at this naive misgiving, which was certainly not of a nature to flatter her self-conceit.

"You are evidently supposing, my dear aunt, that Mr. Argand is a wealthy philanthropist whose humour it is to remunerate young authors on a scale of magnificence utterly unjustified by the circumstances of the case. A kinder-hearted or more generous man I believe it would be difficult to find; but I do not think it probable—and, indeed, it would be a kindness of a very mistaken sort—that he has purposely misled me as to the pecuniary value of what I have written for him, or may write. If I understand the matter, the *Millennium* is a periodical which has taken a high position in the world of letters, and is not only very valuable as a property, but capable of becoming much more so. Without detracting from Mr. Argand's generosity (of which I am as conscious as I am of his admirable behaviour to myself and poor Matthew in other respects), I am encouraged to hope that there has been nothing of charity about it, but that my assistance may really be worth the price he puts upon it, and which you are disposed to think a fancy value."

"I didn't say that, dear," put in Aunt Jane, hurriedly; "only when I remember what your dear uncle used to receive for his contributions to the *Lady's Casket*, for which, in his lighter moments, he would occasionally pen a stanza"—

"But, my dear aunt," interrupted Lizzie, with just the least touch of professional irritation, "the *Millennium* is not the *Lady's Casket*, nor anything at all like it. It addresses a very select and intelligent audience; and though, it is true, it has done me the honour of accepting my little paper, such trivialities (which from one point of view gives me the greater satisfaction) are, as a general rule, altogether out of its line. I believe that I am the first woman that has ever written a line for it."

The look of admiration with which Aunt Jane received this piece of news was not one of entire approval; she was proud of her niece's achievement, but just the least bit scandalised by it. It was one thing to have a Hannah Moore in the family, but quite another to have a Harriet Martineau.

When, a few minutes afterwards, Lizzie produced her copy of the *Millennium*, the name of John Javelin was not to be found in it. She rightly judged that to have written under such a pseudonym would appear to Aunt Jane—a babe, to whom Revalenta Arabica itself would have seemed like strong meat—only a little less audacious than to dress in man's clothes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A VISITOR

Though Elizabeth Dart was no exception to the rule that, upon the whole, our private affairs are at least as interesting to us as those of other people, she had given many a thought to Mary Melburn since they parted, and looked forward with great anxiety to the news of her which she knew the morning's post would bring. Her apprehension on her friend's account had, indeed, been almost morbid; and it was quite a relief to her to see that the envelope which contained the communication in question had no black edge. If anything should happen to Mrs. Melburn—and it was only too likely that, within a very short time, it would happen—how painful and perilous would be her daughter's condition! She would not, indeed, be friendless; but her foes would be of her own household. Surrounded with luxury, and with all the supposed advantages of position, how preferable seemed Mary's lot to her own; and yet, in truth, how much less was it to be envied. Her very handwriting had not its customary firmness, and seemed to speak of anxiety and depression.

"My dear, dear Lizzie," her letter began, "your pencilled note was the first news I got of your departure, which saved me, doubtless, an agony of apprehension; yet to feel that you have gone, and to know why, seems to fill my cup of misery almost to the brim. At the same time, the thought that you have left this place, with all its painful associations, and are safe with those you love, is a great comfort to me. I am shocked and ashamed that one, unhappily connected with me by so near a tie of blood, should have behaved to you in the manner Aunt Louise's letter, just arrived, reveals to us. That he should have been capable of such conduct does not, alas! surprise me; but of the fact in which his baseness consists, I need not tell you that both mamma and I were entirely ignorant. He is gone; and the very atmosphere seems the purer for it. Papa—into whose hands mamma put Aunt Louise's letter—and he had a stormy parting; and, I trust, we are rid of his presence, and of all belonging to him, for some time to come. But, Lizzie dear, though we are so far relieved, the Angel of Death is hovering over us. I can no longer conceal from myself that dear mamma is about to leave us. The sense of my coming desolation will, I know, excuse the brevity with which I have spoken above of your departure from us. Great as would be the comfort of your presence, it would be selfish to wish you were with us. It is even selfish in me to mourn for what is about to happen. Not even I can tell what dear mamma has endured for years on my account; but I know that she has spent her life for me—nay, more, that she has striven to prolong it for my sake, when she would rather have been at rest. There are some things which one cannot write or speak about, even to our dearest friends; Oh, Lizzie, life to some of us is, indeed, a pitiful story! And if this world should be the end of it, their case would be sad, indeed. I try to be quite sure that I shall see her again: with that sweet smile, without its weariness; with those loving eyes, without that yearning which comes into them whenever they rest on me. But even that is hard. Everything seems hard just now. I remember your wise advice; but there are times when 'to take short views' is to be most despairing; for, in doing so, one only beholds a grave. She has begged me to ask your forgiveness—I suppose, for not having warned you of a danger which she never suspected—and in such a voice, Lizzie! The voice in pain and sickness, of fancied faults afraid." I scarcely know whether to ask you to write her a few lines or not. You have so much the better judgment, and will do whatever you think best as well as kindest. Dr. Dalling has just been. He says there is no change 'at present,' and that the patient may take 'whatever she seems to have a fancy for.' One knows, but too well, what that phrase means; instead of 'having little meaning,' though the words are strong, the words are weak, but their sense is terrible. It is said that sickness makes the patient selfish: no one who sees mamma would believe that; but I feel that it has made the watcher selfish. Not a word have I written yet of the bright prospects which Aunt Louise tells us are dawning on your dear self. Believe me, however, that I congratulate you on them from the bottom of my heart; what little ray of gladness comes to me in this dark time is reflected from them. God bless you, dearest.—Ever your affectionate friend,

MARY MELBURN.

"P.S.—When you write, tell me how you left all at Casterton. Aunt Louise says nothing of herself. I am sure they must have felt your leaving them."

"All at Casterton" was a periphrasis for Matt, of whom, perhaps, under present circumstances, the poor girl felt it almost a sin to be thinking. She was evidently in that unnatural condition (very different from an artificial one) which the apprehension of a great calamity often induces. In such cases, strange to say, what are called easy circumstances "are an aggravation." If Mary, when forbidden, as she was by Dr. Dalling, to watch by her mother's bedside beyond a certain time, had been compelled to occupy herself with any employment, it would have been the better for her. Her mind had only itself to feed upon.

With Elizabeth Dart the very contrary was the case; a circumstance which had often kept her spirits from failing, and of late had enabled her to recover from a moral shock which, in another less favourably constituted, might have left fatal effects. She had not only "resources of her own," as is said of a woman who knits or a man who planes, but took a wide and far-reaching interest in many matters. Her very exclusion from the world, in which few things were open to her, enabled her to take at least an independent view of it. Though her disposition was essentially feminine, she busied herself (for it was not a mere amusement with her) with reflections upon affairs that are with most of her sex out of the region of speculation. The contrast between the governess of the present day and her prototype, whose text-book was "Magnall's Questions," was scarcely greater than that between Elizabeth Dart and her contemporaries of her own calling. She had no love

of learning for its own sake, but used it as a stepping-stone for thought, and her thoughts were essentially of the present. In calling her "practical," Mrs. Meyrick had unconsciously struck the key-note of an instrument the nature of which was far beyond her comprehension. Adaptability is one of the chief attributes of the practical nature, and Elizabeth Dart possessed it in perfection: she could "get on" with almost anybody, but when she had love and esteem for them, she was sympathy itself. Aunt Jane was never puzzled by her niece's conversation, or entertained any suspicion that her ideas moved on a far higher plane. Lizzie interested herself in matters of the house, and that question of ways and means which forms so important an item in the lives of most of us, as though there were no greater topics of interest under the sun. In Mary's letter was inclosed a cheque for the salary to the date of her departure, "with Mr. Melburn's compliments and thanks," which, with the remainder of Mr. Argand's honorarium, placed the little household in quite a flourishing condition of finance. In vain had Mrs. Richter protested against Lizzie considering herself otherwise than as a guest. "We are a joint-stock company, Aunt Jane," was the firm rejoinder; "and every speculation must be undertaken in concert." It may not have been a very stable firm, or capable of standing any considerable commercial crisis, but the partners got on much more smoothly together than is usual in the City.

On the second afternoon of Lizzie's arrival, there occurred what was little less than a portent in that humble establishment: a visitor called. Susan appeared bearing a card, with a mourning edge promptly executed by her own fingers, and the curt introduction, "Please, Mum, Miss Argand, to see Miss Dart." Lizzie was in her own room, so that on Mrs. Richter fell the first brunt of the interview. It was years since anyone had thought it worth their while to place her in the position of hostess, and, for the moment, she was a little perturbed.

"I ought, perhaps, to have asked permission to present myself," said the lady, gently, perceiving the other's confusion; "but my brother was so adverse to delay."

"Mr. Argand has been very kind to my niece, she tells me," said Mrs. Richter.

"From what he tells me, the obligation, if one exists at all, is quite on the other side," said Miss Argand, graciously. "What makes me a little ashamed of my intrusion here is the consciousness that self-interest, or, at all events, my brother's interest, is at the bottom of it. The *Millennium* is, as you are doubtless aware, of his own creation; and the writer of any article which has drawn so much public attention to it, as has happened in the case of Miss Dart's paper, must necessarily evoke not only his professional sympathy but his gratitude. Less than this," she added, in less formal tones, "I dare not say, lest I should fall under my brother's displeasure. We think ourselves most fortunate in being your neighbours, for it is only a stone's throw to Harewood-square; and I hope we shall have many opportunities of becoming better acquainted."

"You are very good," murmured Mrs. Richter. The other's flow of words was rather too much for the little lady, and, as it were, carried her off her feet. "I am sure we shall be very glad to call."

"And not only to call, I hope. We look forward to seeing a great deal of you and your accomplished niece. She must be really a most marvellous personage."

"I don't know as to that," returned the widow, smiling; "but, then, I am no judge. I can only say she is the dearest and best of girls."

"Girls?" interrupted Miss Argand, quickly. "I understood from my brother that she had been engaged in tuition for many years. You don't mean to say that Miss Dart is a girl?"

"You can judge for yourself," answered the widow, smiling; for the amazement on her visitor's face as Lizzie entered the room was most amusing to witness. Miss Argand was a lady of about forty years of age, tall and rather angular, but with a face full of expression. It had hitherto worn a most gracious air, tinged, however, by a little touch of patronage; but it now looked not only surprised, but troubled.

"Miss Dart, I believe; though I can scarcely credit it," she exclaimed, as she held out her hand. "Is it possible that you are so young?"

"I do not feel so young, or, at all events, not criminally young," said Lizzie, smiling.

"It is a drawback which disappears in time," said Mrs. Richter, cheerfully. The compliment to her niece which the visitor's words obviously implied was pleasing to her; while the tone of disappointment, and almost of rebuke, in which it was conveyed escaped her notice.

"What amazes me is that, at your years, you could have written as you have done," explained Miss Argand. "I do not refer to your talents—for talents may belong to anyone—but the manner in which you have treated the subject. Where on earth did you get all your queer information about the training of racehorses, for example?"

"I used to see them training on the downs," said Lizzie, quietly, "and then I made inquiries."

"And about the Dances?—there were no Dances to tell you anything."

"I have a friend who has made the subject his own, and who was so good as to place his knowledge at my service."

"Some old antiquary, I suppose."

This question was put with an air of interest which the matter hardly seemed to justify.

"He is not very old—not old enough to be Urfa's contemporary," said Lizzie, still smiling, but feeling just a little aggrieved upon Mr. Leyden's account.

"Well, it is a most marvellous paper," said Miss Argand, "and does you great credit. Everyone is talking about it."

"I was very glad to find it pleased Mr. Argand," said Lizzie, modestly.

"No doubt. It must be always a satisfaction to a contributor to find that the editor appreciates him—that is, of course, his work. Do you propose remaining long in town?"

"Why, yes. If all goes well, I hope to remain here permanently."

"Indeed? It seems almost a pity, with your evident love of the country, and your talent—I may say, genius—for describing it, that you should bury yourself in London."

"But there is something to describe even in London."

"Yes, yes; but all that has been done. I'm afraid you'll miss the fresh air and the scenery."

The speaker bit her lips, and shook her head, and glanced through the window upon the Marylebone-road so disparagingly that Mrs. Richter felt herself called upon to say something in its defence.

"We have not a very cheerful look-out here, it is true; but the air is wholesome enough."

"As wholesome, you would say, as in Harewood-square, at all events," remarked Miss Argand, frankly. "That's quite true; but then, you and I, Mrs. Richter, are not so young as your niece. Now, don't you agree with me, that young people are always well away from the smoke and roar and whirl of London?"

"We are not much in its whirl," observed the widow,

gently. "We live, of necessity, a very quiet life. Moreover, we are not in a position to choose for ourselves."

"What we should like," said Lizzie, with some piquancy of tone, for the visitor's remark had displeased her, "would be a house in the country, a house in town, and a house at the seaside."

"Oh! I don't mean that," exclaimed Miss Argand, flushing to her forehead. "I am sure I should like all sorts of things which are altogether out of my reach. Only it is as easy to live, in a quiet way, of course, in any place as in London. I am sure if it were not for Felix and the *Millennium*, nothing would induce me to live in town." Then she went on in a half frightened tone, like one who has exceeded, or perhaps disobeyed, her instructions from a higher power, "I do hope, Miss Dart, that you and your aunt will let us see something of you. It is my brother's particular wish to make your acquaintance." People get on so much better in business matters—if, indeed, one may call literature business—when they know one another personally. My at-home day is Wednesday, but any day on which you will be good enough to call, I shall be charmed to see you."

Then, with a shake of Mrs. Richter's hand, so cordial that it seemed to have something of compensation in it, and a somewhat less demonstrative squeeze of that of her niece, Miss Argand took her departure.

There was silence between the two ladies for some moments after she left the room; they stood looking at one another as if each waited for the other to express her opinion on the visitor before hazarding her own.

"She is certainly very strange," observed Mrs. Richter, presently, "but I think she means to be kind."

"I am not quite sure of that," said Lizzie, gravely.

"Her manner was much more genial when she first arrived," remarked the widow, "but somehow it seemed to grow colder. I am afraid I did not make a favourable impression upon her."

"Nay; that fault must lie at my door, Aunt Jane," returned her niece, with a forced smile. "It was plain that my appearance fell very far short of her expectations."

"That is impossible," observed the widow, naively; "but I do think she resented your being so young. Having made a picture in her mind of some learned lady of middle age, she must have been annoyed at having to root it all out to make room for you."

"In that case I have the same cause for chagrin," sighed Miss Dart. "It was very foolish, no doubt, but having formed so high an idea of Mr. Argand, I somehow imagined that everybody who belonged to him must be on the same plane. I confess I am disappointed."

"I thought Mr. Argand was a married man," observed Aunt Jane.

"So did I," said Lizzie, smiling. "Though I don't see how his being a bachelor could have made his sister so peculiar."

"No; of course not," returned the widow, hastily; "only, being accustomed to keep house for him, and so on, puts her in a certain position."

"Yet it did not strike me that she made any attempt to patronise us."

"Certainly not, my dear: I thought she seemed to behave with delicacy in that way. To some women's minds the difference between Harewood-square and a second floor in the Marylebone-road would have been present throughout the interview."

"She is not a vulgar woman," remarked Lizzie, confidently; "but that only makes her behaviour the more unintelligible."

"I am not prepared to say that I dislike her," said Aunt Jane, with an air of concession.

"No; nor I, exactly. I am quite prepared to say, however, that I don't like her manner. Upon the whole, I am sorry she came. It would have been better if I had followed my instincts and called upon Mr. Argand at his office."

"Oh, Lizzie, that would never have done, since it turns out that he is not married."

"My dear Aunt Jane, what does it signify to his contributors whether the editor of the *Millennium* is married or not? I could never get you to understand that literature—that is, the business part of it—is just as much a business as dealing in corn."

"Very good, my dear; I only hope that it is in a less depressed condition than the newspapers describe corn to be."

Her words, as Lizzie quite understood, were not meant to be discouraging, except so far as the present topic was concerned; but what particular "fad" dear Aunt Jane had got in her mind she could not guess.

"Well, I suppose we must return Miss Argand's call, at all events," observed Lizzie; "and since the invitation was given in so formal and almost reluctant a way, it had better be on her at-home day."

"I am ashamed to confess, my dear," said Mrs. Richter, with a little flush, "that I don't quite know what an at-home day is."

"It is a day set apart for the reception of those outside acquaintances whom we must receive," explained Lizzie, laughing, "so that for the remainder of the week, at least, we may feel ourselves free of them."

(To be continued.)

A BURMESE BALLET-DANCE.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, was present in the Royal Palace at Mandalay when the Countess of Dufferin, with an invited company of Burmese ladies, witnessed a favourite entertainment of native society. The "Pooy," as any festive exhibition or performance is called in Burmah, was a grand costume ballet, representing some dramatic plot, accompanied with sonorous chanting and with instrumental music. This is produced by a concert of clarionets, tom-toms, or drums of various sizes, and bamboo clappers, a set of which, arranged in a circular open box, with one performer seated in the middle, can be played together by the simultaneous action of his mouth, hands, and feet, with all his fingers and toes. It is not scientific music, but is pleasing to a native ear, and serves well enough for the dancing, which is kept in strict measure, and combines much gesticulation of the whole body, head, and arms, with the prescribed footsteps. The imaginary subject of action and recitation cannot here be more precisely described than by quoting the couplet in "Hudibras" in which an ancient sage philosopher is cited—

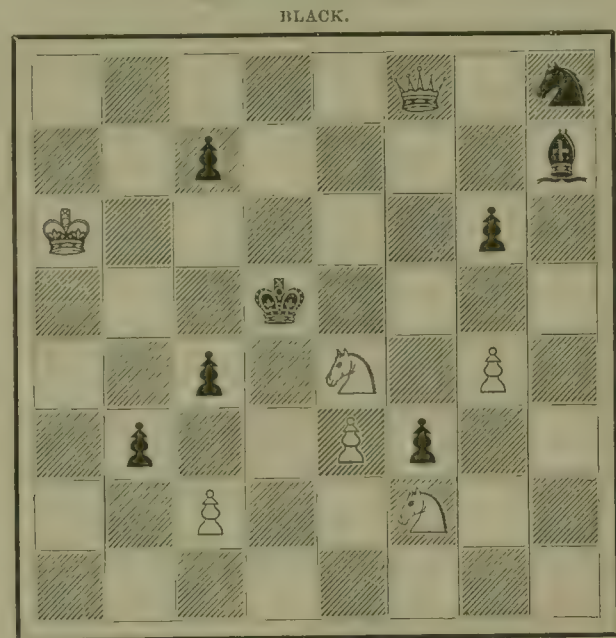
Who swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.

A princely warrior of the heroic age, shining in a corslet of gilt or burnished copper scales, with amazing flourishes about his legs, and with a helmet like a tiara or a pagoda, was a suitor, apparently, for the hand of a superlatively elegant Princess, whose attire of rich-coloured silks, "putzo" and "tamein," with sleeves of white muslin, jewellery in profusion, and flowers in her black hair, befitted her august rank. Each was attended by Peers or Peeresses only less splendid than the principal personages, energetically supporting their Royal honour and dignity; and the play was not deficient in variety of incidents and turns of expression.

CHESS.

[Several answers to correspondents are unavoidably deferred.]
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2183 received from J. R. M. Anderson, W. A. Kendrick, of No. 218, from Charles G. Brown (Rio de Janeiro), of No. 218, from Alfred J. Alexander, F. C. Subald, of No. 219, from R. Billups, J. R. M. Anderson, J. P. Posno (Haarlem), Rev. H. E. B. Arnold, J. K. (South Hampstead), T. Roberts, B. H. C. (St. Ishbury), W. E. Carver, Columbus, Commander W. L. Martin, E. G. Boys, H. H. H. (St. Petersburg), S. J. Hall, and Mohamed Cherif Bey (Foreign Office, Cairo), of No. 219, from Frank Pickering, George Hackett, H. S. Sumner, Gole, Rev. J. Phelps, James E. Paton, E. J. Posno, R. B. Holmes, E. B. H., Bottom Shop, T. Roberts, B. H. C. (St. Ishbury), Walter Jowett, H. H. H. (St. Petersburg), W. E. Carver, John Dudley, R. Billups, Submarine (Dover), John William Hunt, Fred. H. Booth, Pierce Jones, Dr. Keeton, Dr. Chajal, Gerard Paxon, W. Kendrick, and Pierre Moller (Jockey Club, Bordeaux), of No. 219, from W. E. Stephenson, C. R. Baxter, J. A. Schmucke, R. H. Brooks, A. Bruin, E. J. Winter, Wood, Shindforth, E. Casella (Paris), Hereward, John C. Brommer, Venator, Emile Frau, James Pilkington, L. Sharswood, L. Falcon (Antwerp), J. R. W. R. Raille, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), Pierce Jones, George J. Veale, E. E. H. The foregoing have sent the beautiful solution designed by the author. Solutions by another way have been received from Edmund Field, Clement Fawcett, Babbs-lill, E. J. Posno, J. K. (South Hampstead), Mabel Sheford, J. S. Henderson, H. H. Knowles, T. P. Ware, R. Billups, John R. Bowers, Phenomenon, H. Pace, Fred. G. Claudet, Dr. Keeton, B. Louden, Tamar, R. J. Steggle, T. Roberts, F. E. Reed, Henry Taylor, O. Iengla, Ledbury, Norfolk Dunning, H. H. H. (St. Petersburg), H. M. Froggatt, M. H. Moorhouse, Congo, J. Connan, W. H. Reed, L. Desanges, C. E. Lascelles, M. J. Cmauphy (Ghent), Columbus, Thomas Chown, R. H. Mitchell, C. J. Gribble, George Hackett, and J. R. M. Anderson.

PROBLEM No. 2195.
Competition in the BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNEY.
Motto: "K de domov mul."



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

We give below the seventeenth and eighteenth games in this contest, and next week hope to publish the nineteenth and twentieth, bringing the match to a conclusion. The last two were very fine specimens of the victor's play, although it must be admitted that they bear internal evidence that Dr. Zukertort, from some cause or other, was altogether out of form. Herr Steinitz is already reaping the honours of conquest, as will be seen by the following resolution:—

At a meeting of the Hereford Chess Club, held on March 31, Mr. Charles Anthony (the president) in the chair, the subjoined resolution was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be forwarded to Herr Steinitz:—

"The Hereford Chess Club desire to offer to Herr Steinitz their congratulations on his decisive victory over Herr Zukertort. The fact that his victory has been obtained, in a long series of games, in the large proportion of two to one is still less striking and remarkable than the fact that, of the last fifteen games played, he lost only one, winning nine. This is even a superior performance to his sixteen straight games at the Vienna Tournament of 1873; for his present record has been made against the master who (excluding seven draws) won twenty-two out of twenty-six games in the London Tournament of 1883. The games in the Steinitz-Zukertort match which have been already received, as well as the telegrams to hand, conclusively confirm and increase the reputation of Herr Steinitz's matchless powers of analysis, strategy, and synthetical combination. The present resolution, however, is not meant to be a criticism or an epitome of well-known performances, but merely a plain recognition of plain facts, justifying the words of congratulation and admiration with which the Hereford Chess Club (numbering over one hundred members and including some who personally know the winner) desire to convey to him their feelings and convictions on the completeness of the victory of one whom they have long honoured as the pre-eminent chess genius of the time, though his unapproachableness has never shone forth so brilliantly as on the occasion of the recent match."

SEVENTEENTH GAME. (Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Dr. Z.) BLACK (Herr S.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th B to K 2nd
Very much superior to 4. P to Q 4th, as played by Herr Steinitz in the fifteenth game of the match.
5. Kt to K B 3rd Castles
6. P to K 3rd P takes B P
The prudence of this capture, which assists White's development, is questionable. It is possible, however, that Black wished to avoid the block that would have been caused by White playing the Pawn to Q B 5th.
7. K B takes P Q Kt to Q 2nd
8. Castles P to Q B 4th
A favourite move in this opening with the second player, but, in our opinion, under existing circumstances, by no means a good one: 8. P to Q Kt 3rd, followed presently by P to K 3rd, seems a more natural line of play.
9. Q to K 2nd P to K R 3rd
10. B to R 4th Kt to Kt 3rd
11. P takes Q B P B takes P
12. K R to Q sq Q Kt to Q 2nd
If this be Black's last resource, then the evil effects arising from his eighth move are apparent. He has permitted White to take possession of the open file with his Rook, and the Black Knight is compelled to beat an ignominious retreat.
13. P to K 4th B to K 2nd
Apparently the only move to parry the threatened advance of the Pawn to K 5th.
14. P to K 5th Kt to K sq
15. B to K Kt 3rd Q to Q Kt 3rd
16. P to Q R 3rd P to Q R 4th
In Black's cramped position, it was absolutely necessary to prevent P to Q Kt 4th.
17. Q R to Q B sq Kt to B 4th
18. B to K B 4th B to Q 2nd
19. B to K 3rd B to Q B 3rd
20. Kt to Q 4th Q R to Q sq
21. K Kt to Q Kt 5th R takes R (ch)
22. R takes R B takes Kt
Wisely seizing the opportunity of thinning down some of the hostile pieces.
23. Kt takes B Q to B 3rd
24. P to Q Kt 4th
From the course the game takes this turns out well for White, but we are by no means sure that the combination it initiates is a sound one.
25. P takes P P takes P
26. P takes P Kt to Q 2nd
Exactly the move that the Doctor desired, and the consequences of which Black evidently did not foresee. Had he retired the Kt to Q R 3rd, we do not

EIGHTEENTH GAME. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Herr S.) BLACK (Dr. Z.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th
It is said that Dr. Zukertort, when asked why he did not open with the "Ruy Lopez" when first player, replied that he did not care about an opening the inevitable result of which ought to be a drawn game. Possibly, Herr Steinitz may have heard of this remark, and persistently plays the Ruy Lopez in this match to show that the result is not necessarily a draw.
4. P to Q 3rd Kt to B 3rd
5. P to Q B 3rd P to Kt 3rd
6. P to Q 4th B to Q 2nd
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd B to Kt 2nd
8. P takes P Kt takes P
9. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt
10. Q to K 2nd Castles
So far, the moves on both sides are identical with those of the sixteenth game.
11. P to K B 3rd P to Q R 4th
This appears to be loss of time at a very important period of the game.
12. B to Q 3rd Q to K 2nd
13. Kt to B sq B to K 3rd
14. P to K Kt 4th
White has the great advantage of knowing where the adverse King has castled, and proceeds forthwith to open a furious attack on his entrenchments.
15. P to K R 4th Q to Q 2nd
16. B to B 2nd P to K R 4th
Necessary; otherwise his position would be all broken up by the advance of White's Pawn to R 5th.
17. P to Kt 5th Kt to K sq
18. Kt to K 3rd Q to B 3rd
19. P to Q B 4th Kt to Q 3rd
20. B to Q 3rd Q R to Kt sq
The result of the match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and Brighton came too late for our last issue. It was played on Saturday, the 3rd inst., and was won by Brighton. To complete our record of the Universities' campaign we append the score:—
BRIGHTON. UNIVERSITIES.
Butler 0½ .. Loeck 0½
Erskine 0½ .. Gwinner 1½
Mead 2 .. Burnett 0
Raper 0 .. Wainwright 1
Wilson 1 .. Grace 0
Andrews 1½ .. Young 0½
Smith 1 .. Buchanan 0
Lucas 1 .. Warburton 0
Total 7½ .. Total 3½
A match between the clubs of Manchester and Birmingham was played at Stafford on the 3rd inst. Birmingham won by five to one and three draws.

AN IRON-BOUND CITY.

Not long ago Mr. John Augustus O'Shea published a lively narrative of his adventures in Paris entitled "Leaves from the Life of a Special Correspondent." It was an interesting and entertaining book, and received, as it deserved, a general welcome from the Press. Of yet deeper interest is his account of Paris during the siege, entitled *An Iron-bound City; or, Five Months of Peril and Privation* (Ward and Downey). The first question asked by the reader who takes up this spirited account of the beleaguered city is, Why was it not published when the events were recent and the excitement caused by them intense? To this question there is no answer, but it must be admitted that the story is not one that has lost its significance, although nearly sixteen years have gone by since the events occurred. It is gloomy enough to read, or would be were it not that Mr. O'Shea writes with a sense of the humorous and with a picturesqueness of detail that relieve the tragic side of the narrative. As the special correspondent of a daily London journal, he had made up his mind to stay at his post, although his vocation was necessarily suspended. When the Prussians surrounded Paris there was no communication, or next to none, with the outer world, except through carrier-pigeons, one of which is said to have brought 1100 messages for private persons. The sense of isolation was great, but greater still, as the weeks wore on, was the sense of hunger; and the writer relates, with great liveliness, his adventures in search of provender. For the first time, he made his acquaintance with horse-flesh, and cats went into the pot in lieu of beef; 650 horses were slaughtered daily; and there was little to be had besides; moreover, the cold was intense, and wood not always to be purchased. "I had to write," says Mr. O'Shea, "wrapped up in bed often, for want of fuel; I had to wait for hours for my rations of horse, which I had to gobble raw, for want of fuel again. . . . For supper, we tightened our belts and smoked." He relates how, on one occasion, when fainting with starvation, an Englishwoman slipped a piece of bread into his hand; how a live turkey was hawked in the streets for two hundred francs, and a rabbit for forty francs. The "sovereign people," which, in plain English, means the mob, needed a great number of lies to be told in order to keep their courage up; and the National Guards, for want of active occupation, took to drinking. "It was no uncommon scandal for men to appear tipsy under arms, and to march to duty on a crooked line." Amusing incidents Mr. O'Shea tells by the score, but he has many also to record that are infinitely pathetic. For example, when a young Bavarian soldier died in a French hospital, this short letter from his sweetheart was found in his pocket:—"I hope and sigh for a happy and a gay return, Joseph. Thou, my betrothed—the one whom I have learned to love—the only one I can ever love. Thy Anna." Mr. O'Shea is indignant with the Germans for bombarding the city without due notice, in contravention of the laws of war; so that women and children were killed, and shells thrown at hospitals, churches, and convents. "Was it to be marvelled at," asks the writer, "that the Parisians were vengeful, and that Louis Blanc likened the Germans to Mohicans, with a pyrotechnic training?" All this time, we are told, the rancour against England was unabridged. The Parisians probably thought what Bismarck afterwards declared—that England might have put a stop to the war altogether by saying that the nation striking the first blow in a useless war would have her also to deal with. It is not probable that we shall have a more vivacious and yet truthful account of one of the greatest events of modern times than is recorded in these pages; and the charm of the book is the spirit in which it is written. Mr. O'Shea says somewhere that there must be much that is dull and monotonous in the account of a siege like this. On the contrary, the writer's lively temper, his sense of fun, his sense, too, of the pathetic, his courage, and his faculty of observation, combine to make these pages singularly attractive. The personal element in the story adds greatly to its value.

The Rouen Court of Appeal has ordered a Paris notary to pay £32,000 damages for a curious blunder. He drew up a will on Oct. 14, 1876, and dated it Feb. 14. Owing to the error in the date, the will has been declared void, and the fortune, amounting to £32,000, passed to another person.

T H E B R I T I S H I N B U R M A H .



A "POOAY" AT THE PALACE, MANDALAY, BEFORE LADY DUFFERIN AND BURMESE LADIES.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1876), with seven codicils (dated Sept. 20, 1877; June 19, Oct. 29, and Nov. 25, 1879; May 25, 1880; and April 14 and Dec. 17, 1883), of the Right Hon. John Edward Cornwallis, Earl of Stradbroke, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Suffolk, late of Henham Hall, Suffolk, and of Belgrave-square, who died on Jan. 27 last, was proved at the Ipswich District Registry on the 17th ult., by Sir Walter Barttelot Barttelot, Bart., M.P., Arthur Nonus Birch, and the Right Hon. George Edward John Mowbray, Earl of Stradbroke, the son, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £179,000. The testator leaves £500 per annum to his wife, in addition to the jointure of £2000 per annum already secured to her; and he provides fortunes for each of his daughters. All his plate, and the pictures, furniture, works of art, books, fixtures, and effects at Henham Hall, are go with the estates, settled by the will; the pictures, furniture, and effects at his house in Belgrave-square he leaves to his wife, for life, and then to his daughters; his house in Belgrave-square, subject to the existing trusts, on the death of his wife, to his daughters; his wines to his son; and legacies to his executors and servants. All his freehold and leasehold property in the county of Suffolk, not already settled, he devises to his said son, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son, according to seniority in tail male; and part of his personal estate is left, upon trust, to be laid out in the purchase of real estate to go and be held therewith; the residue of the personalty he bequeaths to his son, who has succeeded to the title.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1884), with a codicil (dated Nov. 29, 1885), of Admiral the Right Hon. Plantagenet Pierrepont, Viscount Falkland, late of Skutterskelfe, near Yarm, Yorkshire, and of South Norwood-hill, who died on Feb. 1 last, was proved on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Matthew Thomas Farrer, Charles Bridgewater Williams, and the Right Hon. Byron Plantagenet, Viscount Falkland, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £104,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his nieces, Mrs. Emma Ferguson, Mrs. Selina Fox, and Miss Annie Cary; £15,000 to his butler, John Elsley, in consideration of the long and faithful services of himself and wife; and legacies to executors, servants, and others. Certain plate, plated articles, and bracelets are to go as heirlooms with the settled property. All his real estate is devised, upon trusts, for sale, and the proceeds, with his residuary personal estate, are directed to be laid out in the purchase of freehold estate, to be settled on his said nephew, the present Viscount, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated June 9, 1883), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1885), of Mr. Charles MacIver, late of "Calderstones," Allerton, near Liverpool, merchant and steam-ship owner, who died on Dec. 31 last, was proved on the 26th ult., at the Liverpool District Registry, by Charles MacIver and Henry MacIver, the sons, and John Edward Gray Hill, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £143,000. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann MacIver, the furniture, pictures, plate, books, live and dead stock, and other effects at his residence, and an annuity of £1000, in addition to the life interest given to her by a post-nuptial settlement in the considerable property thereby settled by him; and there are legacies to sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sons, David, Charles, Henry, William, and

Edward, his daughters, Mrs. Jane Ritchie and Mrs. Mary Ann Lefroy, and the children of his deceased son, John, the shares of his daughters to be in addition to the amounts he settled on or covenanted to pay under their marriage settlements. He recites the various large sums he has already given to his sons, and the equal shares his said seven surviving children will receive on the death of his wife of the property settled by his post-nuptial settlement.

The will (dated June 10, 1882), with three codicils (dated July 16, 1883, and March 9 and Oct. 4, 1885), of Mr. William Bousfield Page, late of St. Ann's, Stanwix, in the county of Cumberland, who died on Jan. 5 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Lawrence Bernard Page, Ernest Page, and the Rev. Arnold Henry Page, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £90,000. The testator leaves £150 and his furniture, plate, pictures, wines, effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Anne Ferguson Page; his residence, St. Ann's, to his wife, for life; £40,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; in the event of her marrying again she is to receive the income of £20,000 for the remainder of her life; legacies to grandchildren, and a ring to his brother. The remaining provisions of the will are exclusively in favour of his children.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1880) of Miss Frances Caroline Churchill, late of Colliton House, Dorchester, who died on Jan. 6 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by George Onslow Churchill, the nephew, and Miss Emma Anne Churchill, the sister, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £51,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 to the Dorset County Hospital; £10,000, upon trust, for her said sister, for life, and then, as to one moiety, for the children of her brother William by his late wife, and as to the other moiety, for the children of her brother George by his late wife; and legacies to her said brothers, nephews, nieces, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her said sister.

The will (dated Jan. 6, 1883, and Nov. 20, 1885) of the Rev. Hayter George Hayter-Hames, Rector of Chagford, Devon, who died on Feb. 9 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Colville George Hayter Hayter-Hames, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £51,000. The testator leaves all his real estate, £20,000, and his horses, carriages, plate (except such as his wife may want for use during her life), books, family pictures, diamonds, and farming stock, to his said son; and his furniture, effects, and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Constance Harriet Hayter-Hames. The residue of his personal estate, subject to the payment of annuities to his two unmarried daughters during his wife's lifetime, is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death he bequeaths £2000 to, or upon trust for, each of his five daughters; and the ultimate residue is to go to his said son.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 31, 1885), of Mr. Henry Collingwood, late of No. 9, Saint Ann's-villas, Notting-hill, who died on Jan. 25 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Charles Henry Marsack Day and William Walters, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £46,000. The testator bequeaths £2400 to his grandson Robert Collingwood; £1400 to each of his grandsons Henry, Cuthbert, Arthur, and George Collingwood, and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the six children of his deceased daughter, Elizabeth Isabella Selby.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1879), with five codicils (dated Feb. 20 and July 26, 1880; March 12, 1881; Jan. 23, 1882;

and May 21, 1883), of Dame Isabella Letitia Barnard, late of the Palace, Hampton Court, who died on Jan. 17 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by Miss Rosamond Isabella Augusta Barnard, the daughter, and Major-General Robert Hale, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for her son Lindsay Henry John; £4500, upon trust, for her son Adolphus Holford; and legacies to other relatives and others. The residue of her property she leaves between her son William Andrew Moore and her daughter, Rosamond Isabella Augusta, but should either of them die in her lifetime, the other one is to take the whole.

May Day will be marked this year by two welcome Post Office improvements. A revision will take place of the rates and limit of weight for parcels, and a system of insurance for parcels and for registered letters will be introduced. Instead of distinct charges for parcels of 1, 3, 5, and 7 lb., there will be a postage rate of 1½d. per lb. up to 11 lb., plus an additional charge of 1½d. on the first pound. The cost of postage for 1 lb., 3 lb., 5 lb., and 7 lb. parcels will remain as now; but the cost for 2 lb., 4 lb., or 6 lb. parcels will be less by 1½d. If an ordinary parcel is lost in the post, compensation not exceeding £1 will be allowed; and it will be possible to insure both parcels and registered letters to the amount of £5 and £10 on payment of an insurance fee of 1d. or of 2d.—The Hon. J. F. Derham, Postmaster-General for Victoria, has accepted the proposal of Lord Wolverton for the establishment of a parcels post between England and that colony, upon condition that it be confined to places touched by the Colonial Railway system.

A new series of standard authors, called "The Camelot Classics" (published by Mr. Walter Scott), commences with Malory's *History of King Arthur, and the Quest of the Holy Grail* (from the "Morte d'Arthur"), edited, with general introduction, by Ernest Rhys. The volume contains two incomplete portions of this famous book; the book of Sir Bois, in the Holy Grail portion, being reserved for a still further use in the series, while it is intended to print the romances of Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram De Lyonesse separately, which, in the judgment of Mr. Rhys, will enhance "the fateful epic consistency of the book." It is, of course, obvious that Sir Thomas's whole work could not be included in a volume of this bulk. The editor's introduction is versatile. He writes about Caxton and the advantages of the printing-press, and suggests that "before the present rage for having everything done by law has quieted, the Government may be asked to nationalise the news of the day, and provide each man, as his natural right, with a morning paper." The remark leads to a slight error, for the antithesis of prose is poetry, and not the newspaper, as Mr. Rhys states. When he writes that "as the first speech of the lips, so the second speech of the pen may in time become a fluent universal faculty," Mr. Rhys indulges in dreams of the press which we have no wish to see fulfilled; but even this possibility does not satisfy the aspirations of an editor whose imagination "dreams of still greater destinies, when all languages have become one living whole, and prose and poetry are immortally married, and music is divinely articulate in the great confederacy of tongues." We cannot follow Mr. Rhys in his glance at the centuries of English prose; but we may add that the volume is a marvel of cheapness, and promises, according to the publisher's wishes, "to contest, not ineffectually, the critical suffrages of the democratic shilling."

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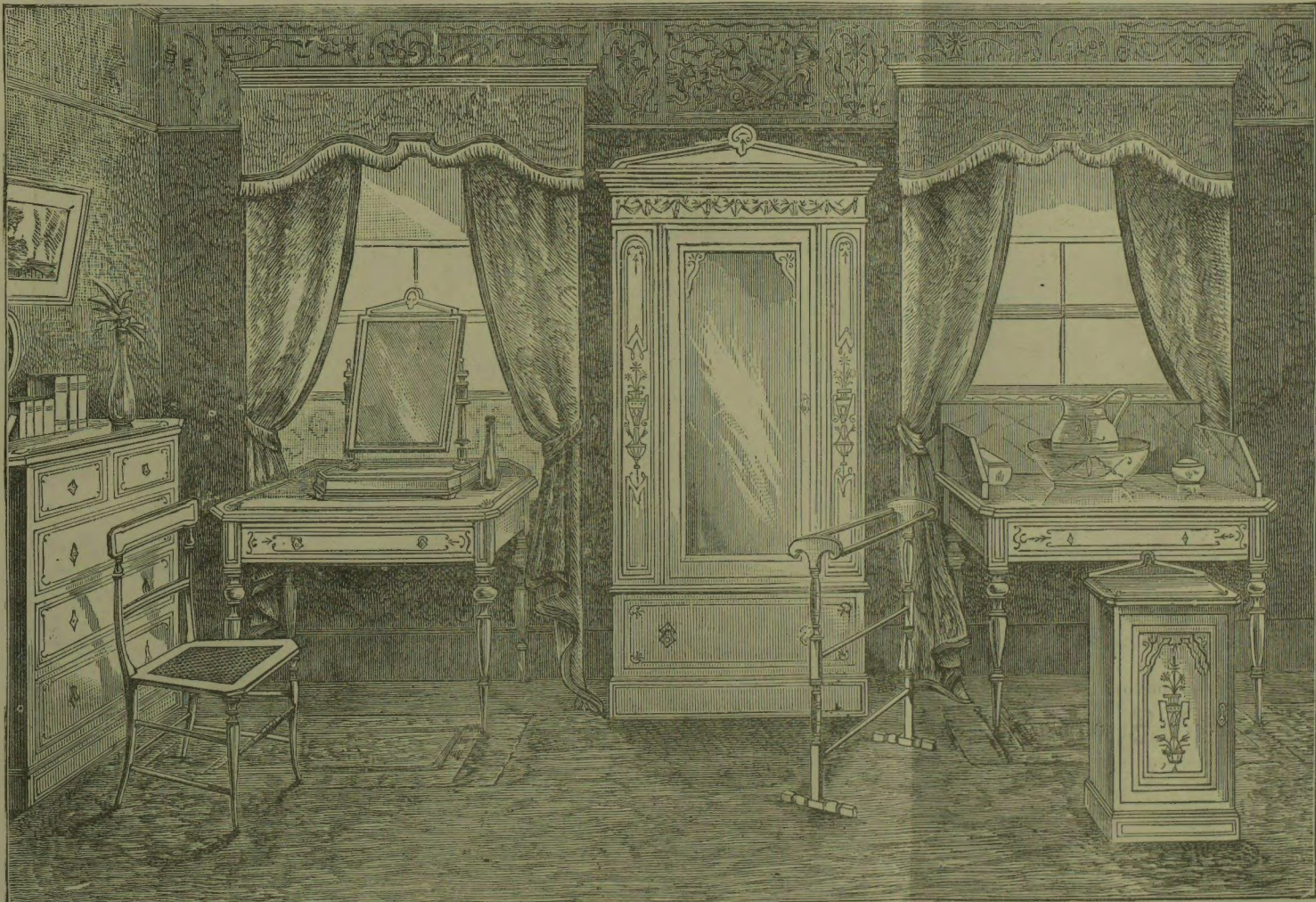
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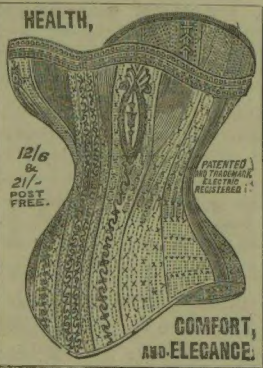
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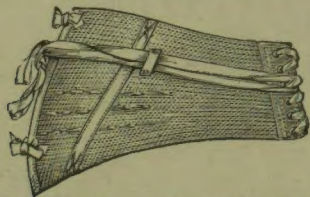
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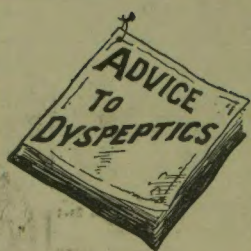
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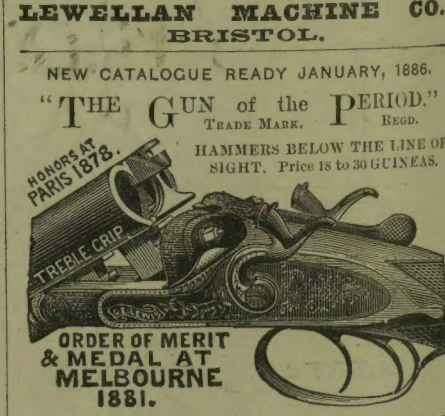
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